



ATLANTIC COAST LIGHT



JANUARY 27, 1947 J CENTS
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION \$5.50

IN THE HAND OF LIN YUTANG



Dr. Lin, world-famous philosopher, is the author of The Importance of Living and other widely read works in both Chinese and English.



"Writes dry with wet ink!

In every language—on every continent—people of note write with Parker "51". Truly, all the world cherishes this writing instrument. American pen dealers, for example, recently named Parker the mostwanted pen—rating it ahead of all other well-known makes combined. (The actual score: 72.7% for Parker; 27.3% for all others.)

Happily, more 51's than ever before are now being shipped.

Here is a pen fashioned patiently to the highest standards of precision—never hurriedly turned out. Its unique tubular point—hooded against air, dirt and damage—starts on the instant. Writes smoothly and with swift, sure ease. For the tip of the "51" is a ball of micro-polished Osmiridium—the most-corrosion-proof metal known—fused to 14K gold.

The precision-fit cap slips on-locks securely without twisting. The

51's patented filler is safely concealed within the gleaming barrel.

This pen alone is designed for satisfactory use with Parker "51" Ink

that dries as it writes! (It can, of course, also use ordinary ink.)

See the "51" today. Colors: Black, Blue Cedar, Dove Gray. \$12.50; \$15.00. Pencils, \$5.00; \$7.50. Vacumatic Pens, \$8.75. Pencils, \$4.00. The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wis., and Toronto, Canada.



"INFORMATION, PLEASE"
Listen in every Wednesday night
10:30 EST • CBS, coast-to-coast

Parker 51"



Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Quick!

Germs reduced up to 96.7% in tests

TF YOU have been in close contact with other people who have - colds, or if your feet get wet or cold, or if you have been exposed to sudden changes of temperature, it's only sensible to gargle with Listerine Antiseptic as promptly as possible.

Guard Against Mass Invasion of Germs

Such exposure may lower body resistance so that germs called the "secondary invaders" find it easier to invade the throat tissue and produce many of those miserable aspects of a cold you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic reaches back on the throat surfaces to kill millions of these "secondary invaders."

In tests, germs on throat and mouth surfaces were reduced as much as 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle; as much as 80% one hour after. You can see why it can help Nature in guarding against a mass invasion of germs:

Fewer Colds in Tests

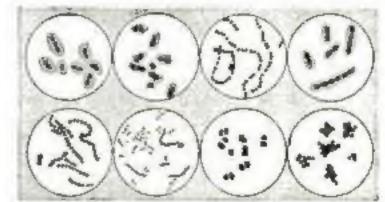
Bear in mind Listerine Antiseptic's impressive record made in tests over 12 years: Those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats:

So, remember, at the first hint of a cold, use Listerine Antiseptic. Better still, make the Listerine Antiseptic gargle a morning-andnight habit.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Missouri

"SECONDARY INVADERS," Potential Troublemakers

These are some types of the threatening germs, which can cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the throat membranes and which may be transmitted to you in tiny droplets of moisture if you get in the way of a sneeze or a cough;



TOP NOW, left to right: Presmococcus Type III, Presmococcus Type IV, Streptococcus visidans, Friedlander's bacillas, BOTTOM ROW, telt to right: Streptococcus humolyticus, Bacillus influenzas, Micrococcus galarritales, Staphylococcus aureus,



TUME IN to the Columbia Record Stors on the

See your local paper for time and station.

"Columbia Record Shop" Program with Fred Robbins.

Trade-marks "Columbia" and (III) Reg. U. S. Pet. Off.

America's Most Beloved Story of Young 'n Laughin' Love!

5 Years on Broadway — 32 Merry Months on the Air!

It's The All-Time Laugh Hit . . . Streamlined For Now...

ON THE SCREEN

Bing Crosby Producers Inc.

presents ANNE NICHOLS'

"ABIE'S IRISH ROSE"

MICHAEL CHEKHOV

introducing JOANNE DRU*

and RICHARD NORRIS

Produced and Directed by A. Edward Sutherland Screenplay by Anne Nichals . Released thru United Artists

*by arrangement with Howard Hawks

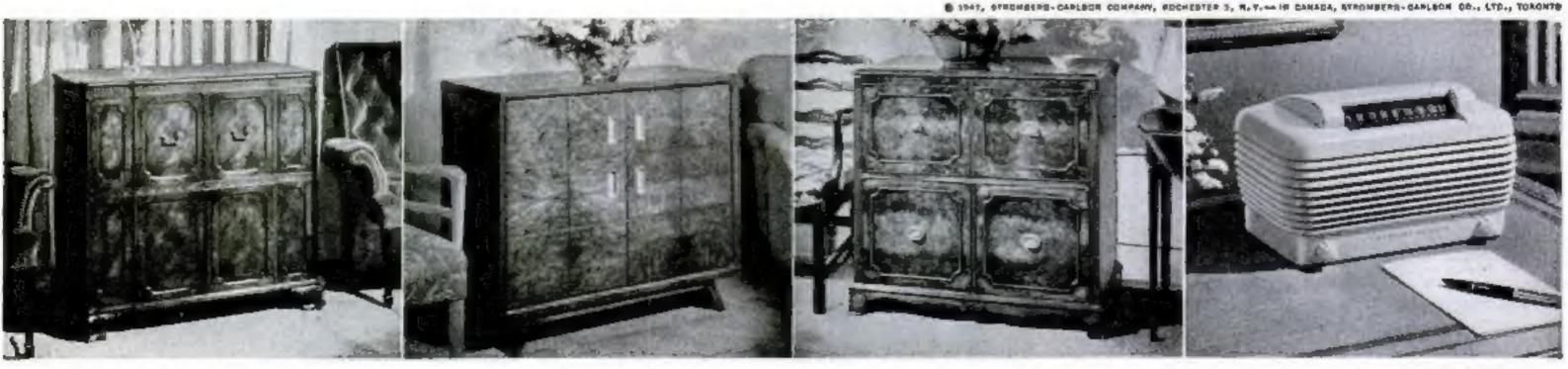
Will your home be the best "dance spot" in town?...

Where do your kids dance? Night club? Tavern?...Or can they hear their kind of music at home?...hear it the way they insist it must be, true, clear, natural in tone? The Stromberg-Carlson way! We are proud that in many a home like yours a Stromberg-Carlson is a builder of family evenings...a source of unending entertainment which makes it fun to stay at home. When you listen to Stromberg-Carlson "complete" FM ... when you hear how flawlessly a Stromberg-Carlson reproduces records or brings you standard broadcasts... you will realize how important a beautiful Stromberg-Carlson will be in your own home. Hadn't you better see your Stromberg-Carlson dealer right now? His name is in your classified phone directory.



For the main radio in your home . . .

THERE IS NOTHING FINER THAN A STROMBERG-CARLSON



THE GRACIOUS "GEORGIAN"...

THE SMART "NEW WORLD" ...

THE GRACEFUL "HEPPLEWHITE" ...

THE AMAZING "DYNATOMIC"

These are but a few of the new, exciting Stromberg-Carlsons! They are available in a broad range of prices, with a distinguished model for every home.

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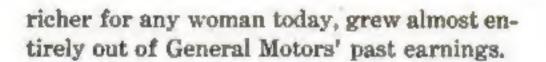
Hannah.

A maiden lady, and no longer young, her kind once knew a world no bigger than the

Not any more. Aunt Hannah gets around. She has a car of her own and the cat can have the rocker.

It may be that Aunt Hannah is one of more than 200,000 women who are stockholders in General Motors. If so, she helped lift herself out of the rocking chair and out into the world.

For the fine, smooth, easy-handling GM car that makes life



Progress was no gift-it was bought by plowing back profits in steady effort to produce more and better things for more people.

This has continued year after year. But the stockholders' share has averaged only about

ENERAL

7½ on each sales dollar during the past 29 years. During the war years it was 31/2 .

Is freedom from the front porch worth that much to American women?

Are all the other benefits that have come from automotive progress - pleasant suburban living, good roads, fine factories, hun-

> dreds of thousands of jobs, fatter pay envelopes?

> We'll let you say. But it seems clear that all the people profit greatly when a business prospers.

BETTER THINGS FOR MORE

On the Air: HENRY J. TAYLOR, Monday and Friday evenings, over wore than 300 Mulvai stations, coost to coost. Hear him!

. CADILLAC . BODY BY FISHER . FRIGIDAIRE . GMC TRUCK & COACH . GM DIESEL . DELCO



LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TEACHER TROUBLES

Sira:

... In his article, "A Teacher Looks at His Job" (Life, Jan. 6), Mr. Borchardt is concerned about the dwindling numbers of capable young men in the teaching profession. I am equally concerned about his unfounded fear of a future matriarchy in the U.S. Monetary remuneration is not the only reason for a young man's dislike of teaching. Even if salaries were adjusted adequately, men would still continue to use teaching as a steppingstone to other professions, because temperamentally they are not suited to teaching. I know many fine male faculty members, but they are the exception rather than the rule. Who is the teacher in the home-the mother or the father? Who has the patience of Job with the youngsters-Mom or Dad? It is one thing to be pedagogically prepared, to be the holder of degrees, to possess a keen, alert mind; it is quite another to be able to impart that knowledge to an adolescent, to "mother" him along, to teach him life in addition to his subject matter. That, to my way of thinking, is the highest and noblest calling of a woman, Man's talents abide elsewhere.

Sadie C. B. Gordon Port Chester, N.Y.

Sirs:

... The sex of the instructor has nothing to do with the maintenance of discipline and order in the classroom. I have been instructing stu-



NO CATCALLS?

dents not only my own age but some older than myself and I have yet to be on the receiving end of a catcall or a whistle. And it isn't because I wouldn't rate it either.

GLADYS B. GOUGH Manhattan, Kan.

Sirs:

Teacher Borchardt's article (as did his teachings while I was his student) seems to make sense. As a veteran, I find myself the recipient of bonuses, benefits, the GI Bill and whatnot. Certainly the American teachers have sacrificed as much time and effort for their country. I am now paying an extra cent per pack of cigarets so that the Illinois vets' bonus gets paid off—I think I could afford another cent if it would improve the teachers' incomes.

A. R. BELSKIS

Chicago, Ill. '

Sirs:

I am an ex-schoolteacher who left the profession to join the Army, After three years' service I was shipped back from Europe on a stretcher, totally disabled for years to come. However, with my disability compensation and unemployment compensation, I am drawing several hundred dollars more than the annual wage of the majority of teachers in this town. In fact, I share my disability money occasionally with a brother who finds it impossible to live on his \$1,700 annual wage from teaching.

G. B. MICHEL

Versailles, Ind.

Sirs:

Your article, "A Teacher Looks at His Job," is the third or fourth I have seen on the subject. I agree that the subject is a critical one and this publicity will aid all parties concerned. But each article has directly or indirectly put the finger on the school hoard and I think it is about time you present the other side of the picture.

I am a member of a township school board and I am also in absolute agreement with the principle of increasing the salary level of teachers. I am also vitally interested in education because I have three children of school or preschool age. But I also know the problems of the board and the fences that surround them in the way of the state school laws. Teachers wish to be classed as professional people, yet they pushed through the tenure law which makes it impossible for a board to get rid of poor teachers-and there are some. They talk about average wages and make comparisons with industry, etc., but in any demands for wage increase the women insist on equality with the men-and get it because the men are outnumbered; that situation doesn't exist in industry at the professional level. And then, of course, the school board doesn't pick money off trees in the schoolyard.

EMERSON W. KAUPMANN Philadelphia, Pa.

JAMES MASON

Sirs:

Ah, at last I've been rewarded for being a steady reader of LIFE. My reward was your splendid article on James Mason (Jan. 6th issue). I can't quite explain how I feel each time I even think of him. I just go all mushy inside. Boy, is it wonderful!

I saw The Seventh Veil three times.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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UFE January 27, 1947

Volume 22 Number 4



GINGER ROGERS ... starring in the Skirball-Manning Production "MAGNIFICENT DOLL," a Universal release, wears a Tyrolean ski suit, designed for her by Lanz of California, as she pours a cup of brisk-flavored Lipton's ... the fresh, spirited tea.

SAYS GINGER ROGERS:

"Its brisk flavor is super on a winter's day!"

"To me there's a certain fresh, high-spirited flavor in a cup of Lipton Tea. So different from ordinary teas. So definitely rich and full-bodied." Right, Ginger! "Brisk" is the tea experts' word for it. And that brisk flavor, so distinctively Lipton's, is accomplished by scientific blending of as many as 18 different teas... each carefully selected for its own special flavor. No wonder Miss Rogers finds Lipton's brisk flavor super. Get a package today at your grocer's. Try it. See for yourself why it's America's most popular tea.

LIPTON TEA Brisk flavor



6 1946, Thes. J. Lipton, Inc.

LISTEN TO VOX POP, TUESDAY, 9 P.M., E.S.T., CBS



When an ordinary headache, neuritic or neuralgic pain is making you miserable, use Bayer Aspirin for fast relief. As millions know from experience, Bayer Aspirin is one thing that really works quickly ... actually starts to go to work in two seconds?

Always ask for genuine

BAYER ASPIRIN

The reason for Bayer Aspirin's astonishing 2-second speed is that when Bayer Aspirin is made, three important steps are taken...not just one.

And remember—Bayer Aspirin's single active ingredient is gentle, too ... so wonderfully gentle to the system mothers give it even to small children on their doctors' advice.

So use Bayer Aspirin-with confidence. Don't forget-of all pain relievers, none can match Bayer Aspirin's record of use by millions of normal people ... without ill effect, Today-get Bayer Aspirin.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

He was so mean and hard and-ador-

VIRGINIA LONGWORTH Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sirs:

I hope you realize that by attempting to place James Mason in an undesirable light, you're simply making him appear more wonderful!

JEANNE FAUCHER

Woburn, Mass.

Sira:

Thanks awfully for curing me of James Mason and my father of cats. JOAN ATTERBURY

Tucson, Ariz.

TOASTMASTERS

Sirs:

Hitler's gone, the Columbians have been throttled, but now we have the Tosstmasters International (Life, Jan. 6). What we don't need, anywhere, is more public speakers. . . .

It's a mystery why so many people aspire to this speechmaking affliction. But an organization dedicated to help fulfill this mad ambition-that's too much. These young men, once they



learn to control their shaking knees and stomach flutters and forefinger an emphatic hole in the air, will be a curse the rest of their lives. Just try to keep a speaker from speaking! It's worse than strong drink. . . .

GUS KELLER

New Haven, Conn.

MR. BURTON'S FROG

Sirs:

In Letters to the Editors (LIFE. Jan. 6) Mr. W. H. Burton states that he doesn't give a hoot about how a frog gets around under water. That's his affair. But I consider myself one of the majority who has a curiosity in all things natural and scientific. Didn't Galvani discover the principle of the electric battery by watching a frog's leg twitch? Does it seem ridiculous that a study of the frog has given me, a future doctor, a much better understanding of the human body and its operation? . . .

RICHARD HAY

Goshen, Ind.

. . . Come now, Mr. Burton, is life so interesting in Missouri that the simple things go unnoticed?

T.H.W. CARTER Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

Greenville, Pa.

... Hope you continue to print froggy stuff, mice, bugs and even wormy stuff. God made them and I love them. Even W. H. Burton. He did speak his honest mind.

MRS. CHAMBERS

CONTINUED ON PAGE 16



PAULETTE GODDARD

FRED MACMURRAY

Macdonald Carey - Arleen Whelan A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by Claude Binyon - Directed by Mitchell Luisea

A Paramount Picture

Paulette pronounces it roMANce!

Look what they're wearing in Florida (POOR THINGS!)



The Wropped-and-Bound Look comes not from Paris, but from shrinkage . . . an evil that's practically medieval nowadays. Never happens with dresses tagged "Sanforized." No wonder they're the only cotton dresses a smart girl ever buys.



Such a shrinkage outrage shouldn't happen to anybody nowadays. Hey, young lady, write 100 times: "I'll demand a 'Sanforized' label on every — but every — cotton dress!"



The Straight-and-Narrow. That's how the dress turned out after washing. Not like our friend inside it —who's kept her curves. Which adds up to a sorry way to spend a vacation. Better remember to spend your vacation in dresses tagged "Sanforized"—that fit in the first place, and the second, and the third!

The style will never shrink away if your dress has a "Sanforized" label.

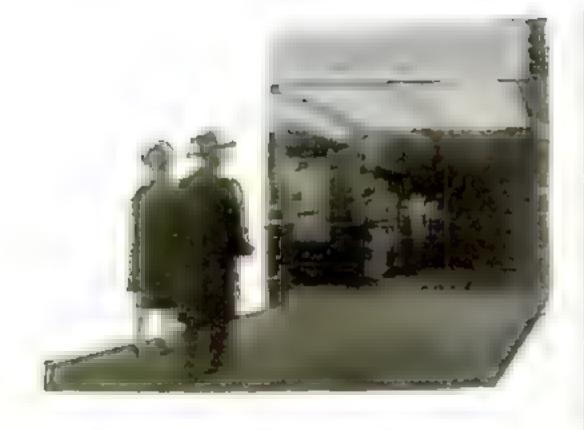


"Sanforized". Checked standard of shrinkage. The "Sanforized" trade-mark is used on compressive pre-shrunk fabrics only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked, through the service of the owners of the trade-mark, to measure maintenance of its established standard by users of the mark.

Clust, Peccept 4 Co., Inc.



when YOUR eyes won't let you



1. What's playing? What's the difference?when tired, neglected, glare-strained eyes are sure to spall the moviet Inside, the plot gets too thick, you become confused, your head begins to otheall because your eyes put on a poor showing,

go to the movies



Double feature. More fun, more comfort with vision that's keen, alert. Make sure your eyes are right! Take advantage of the professional knowledge and skill of the Optometrist, Ophthalmologist and the technical services of the Dispensing Optician. When Soft-Lite Lenses ore prescribed, visual comfort is increased through freedom from glare.

Your eyes make the difference—have your eyes examined regularly!



Professionally prescribed for eye-correction plus glare-protection to make seeing more comfortable, Soft-Lite Lenses are slightly flesh-toned -- look better on you. There is only one Soft-Lite-identified by this certificate.



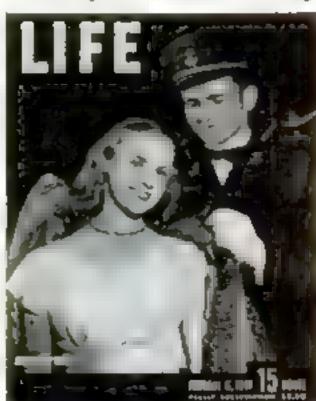
Soft-Lite Lens Company, Inc., New York - Toronto - London

LETTERSTO

COVER GIRL

Sirs:

I had to look twice at your cover girl, Jeanne Maloney (LIVE, Jan. 6). She looks just like Movie Actress Peg-



JEANNE MALONEY



PEGGY ANN DARRER

gy Ann Garner, I wonder if anyone else noticed the resemblance?

ELEANOR M. BRUNO

Providence, R I.

• Yes, 10 readers did.-ED.

PARTY SEASON

Sira:

I had a very interesting time comparing your articles on the debutante season in New York (LIFE, Jan. 6) with the season I've just whirled through down here in Charleston. I was amused to read that during the busiest part of her season Miss Patricia Geoghegan did not get to bed before 3 s.m. She doesn't know how lucky she was! During our busiest weeks, Dec. 20 to Jan. 1, my bed would have collapsed from amazoment had I crawled in it before 4 or 4:30 a.m.! And, on top of all that, some of the debutantes, including myself, had to get up and go to work about four hours leter!

ESTHER D. GREGORIE

Mount Pleasant, S.C.

Sim:

... Your readers might be interested to learn that the sponsorship of Coty Inc., which underwrote all expenses of the ball, made it possible for us to reduce the New York Infirmary's \$149,000 annual deficit by \$40,000.

Incidentally, the \$150 to be raised by each debutante has been allocated to the funds for a children's ward in the new hospital, which will replace our old one-built in 1857-as soon as the current drive for contributions reaches the needed \$5,000,000.

MRS. FRANK A. VANDERLIP President

New York Infirmary New York, N.Y.

DELICIOUS EYE-OPENER with a grand P.S.





Prepared and distributed by the makers of Mott's Fine Fruit Products



THE CAPEHART

Then the melody, recurrent — and the wild tumultuous climax. This is the bolero, the ancient Andalusian dance. Moors introduced it to southern Spain. Ravel introduced it to America!

Now you can hear it, in all its splendor, captured on fine recordings. . . . But all the world of music is waiting for your enjoyment!

Symphony, dance, oratorio, the exultation of the human voice are ready to inspire you.

Let great music speak to you now through the medium of the Capehart or the Farnsworth.

A portfolio of reproductions in the Capebert Collection may be secused at nominal cost from your Capebert dealer, or from Capabart Division, Fernsworth Television & Radio Corporation, Fort Wayne 1, Indiana.

THE FARNSWORTH



Designed for finest home or maharajah's palace is this distinguished Chippendale Copehart. The new tonal system so exactingly reproduces the tones and overtones of flute, prano, cello, or human voice that companison should only be made between the Capehart and the original musical instrument. Authentic period design cabinets of superior craftsmanship. Capehart television, as it becomes available, will be of the same standard of excellence. Prices. The Panamuse by Capehart, to \$800. The Capehart, to \$1750.



Ravel's Bolaro, painted for the Capehart Collection by Salvador Dail.

Illustrated is the modern EK 102, a newly designed combination phonograph-radio. Provides faultless reception on both FM and AM bands, as well as superlative phonograph performance. Farnsworth's 3-point Suspension Record Changer plays either 12 ten-inch or 10 twelve-inch records - simple and dependable operation. New models of traditional and modern design including console chairside and table types. Farnsworth television models available shortly. Farnsworth radio and phonograph radio prices. •28 to *350.

N. W RTZR 8, 805

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C'm'on now-what other coffee ever gave you all this?



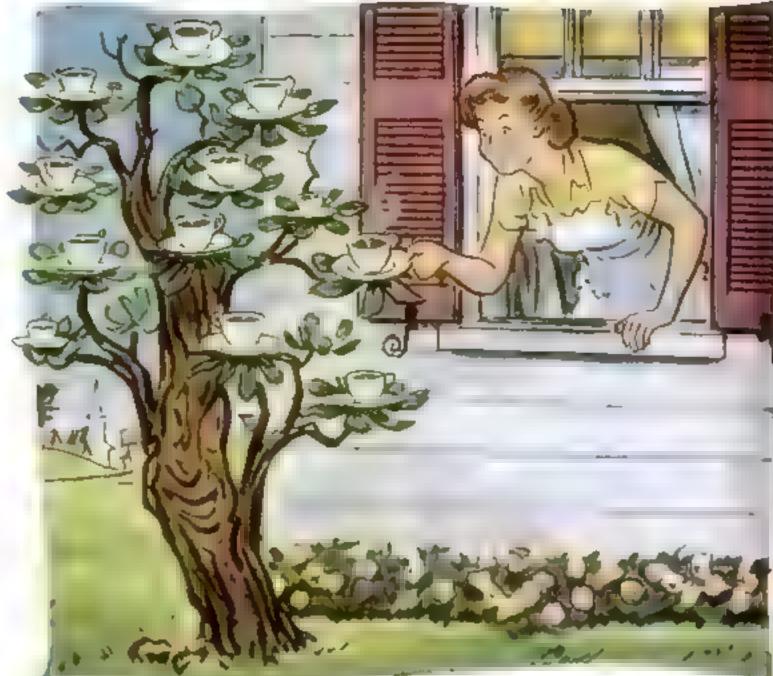
I. More delicious-or your money back!

We could write you a book about that heavenly Borden flavor! But it's quicker I ke this. If you don't like Borden's better than any coffee you ever tasted—ground or instant—we'll give you your money back!*



3. And, for economy, half again as many cups!

Users tell us they get balf again as many cups from a regular jar of Borden's as they get from a full pound of ground coffee. Think how much that will save every week! Remember, Borden's isn't balf coffee. It's all coffee—no dextrins, dextrose, or maltose added. That's why it goes so far.



2. Magic convenience-No pot, no grounds!

If cups of coffee grew on trees, they couldn't be quicker. No waiting for coffee to perk or drip. Just drop $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ of a level reaspoonful in a cup, add hot water. No pot to wash. No grounds, No waste, That's why Borden's is perfect for breakfast



* Use at least half a far of Borden's. Then, if you don't agree it tostes better than any coffee you ever used, send as the jar with the unused contents, and we'll cheerfully refund your money. The Borden Co., 350 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



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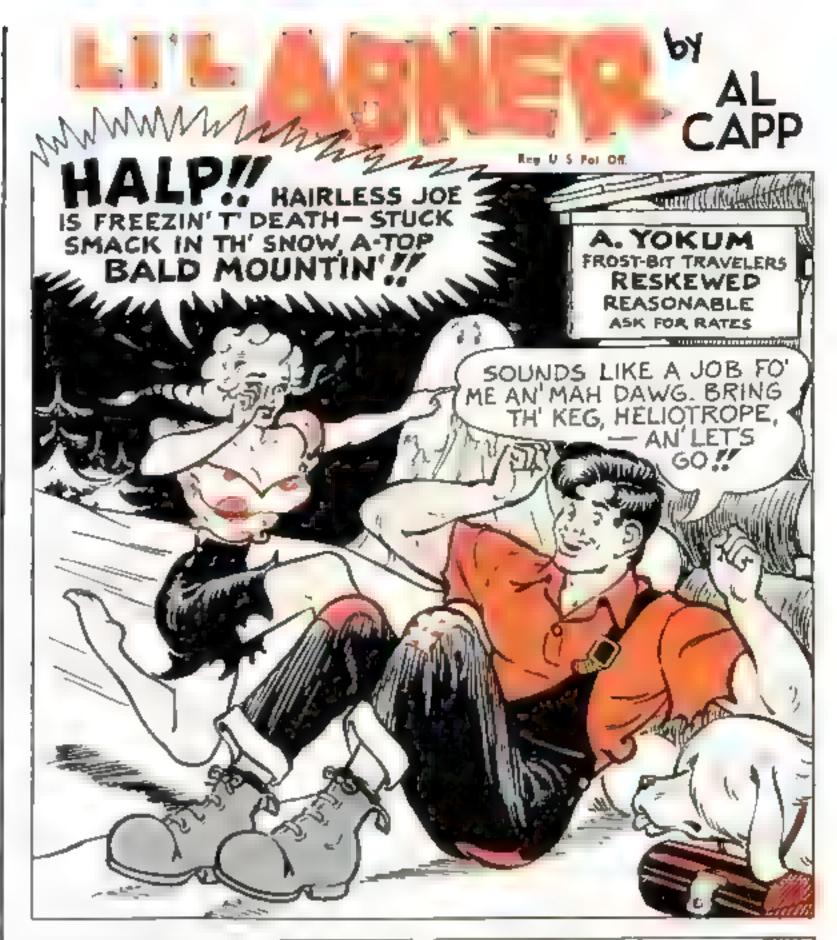
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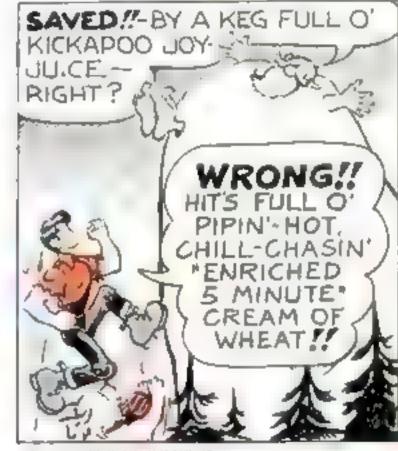
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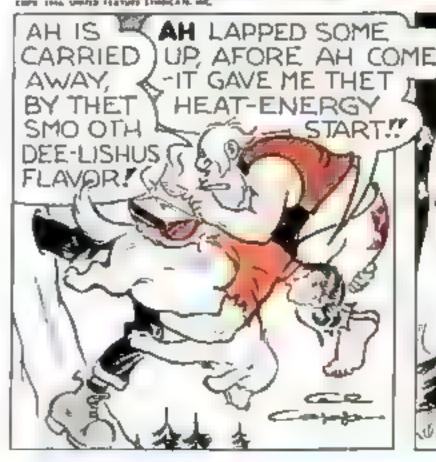
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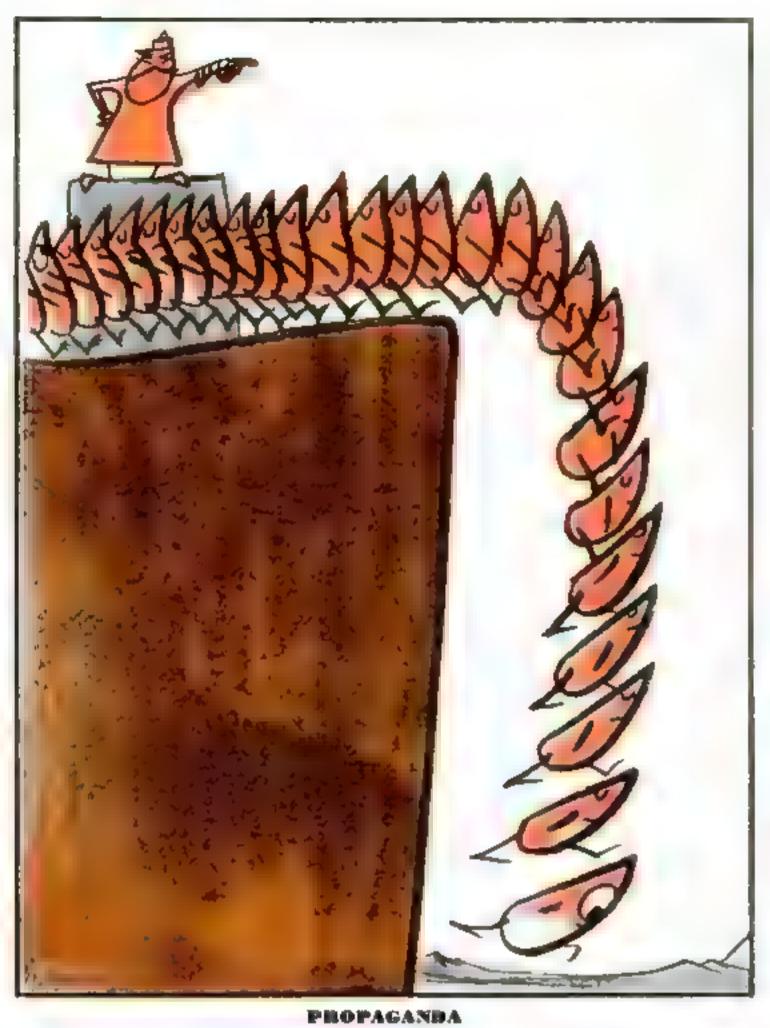




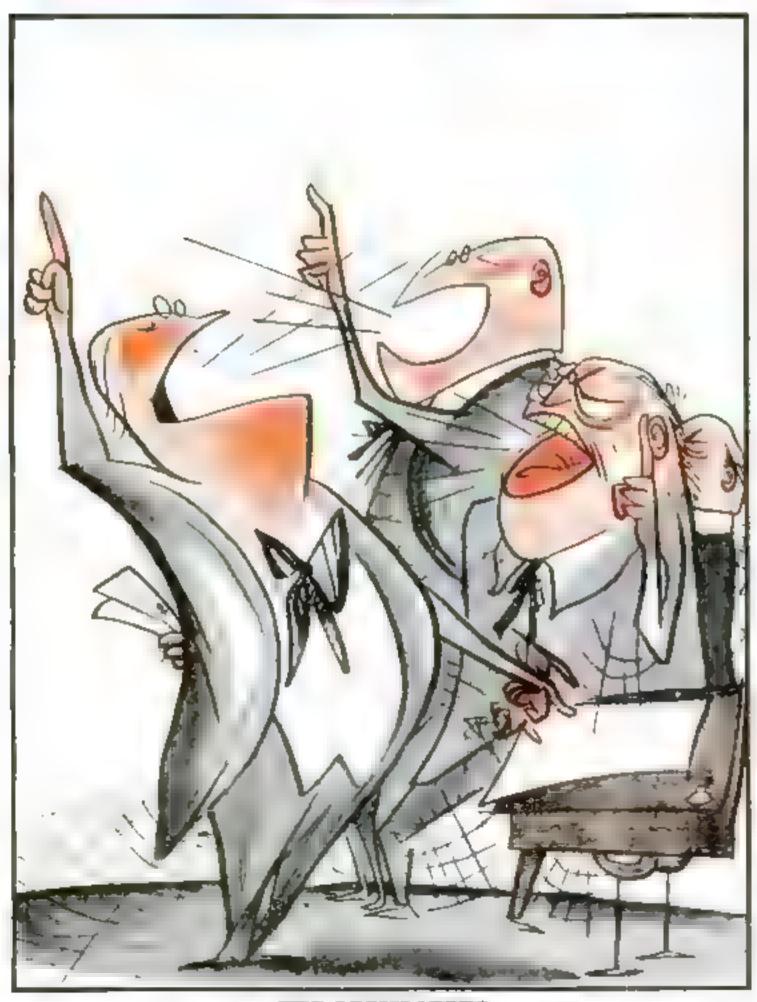




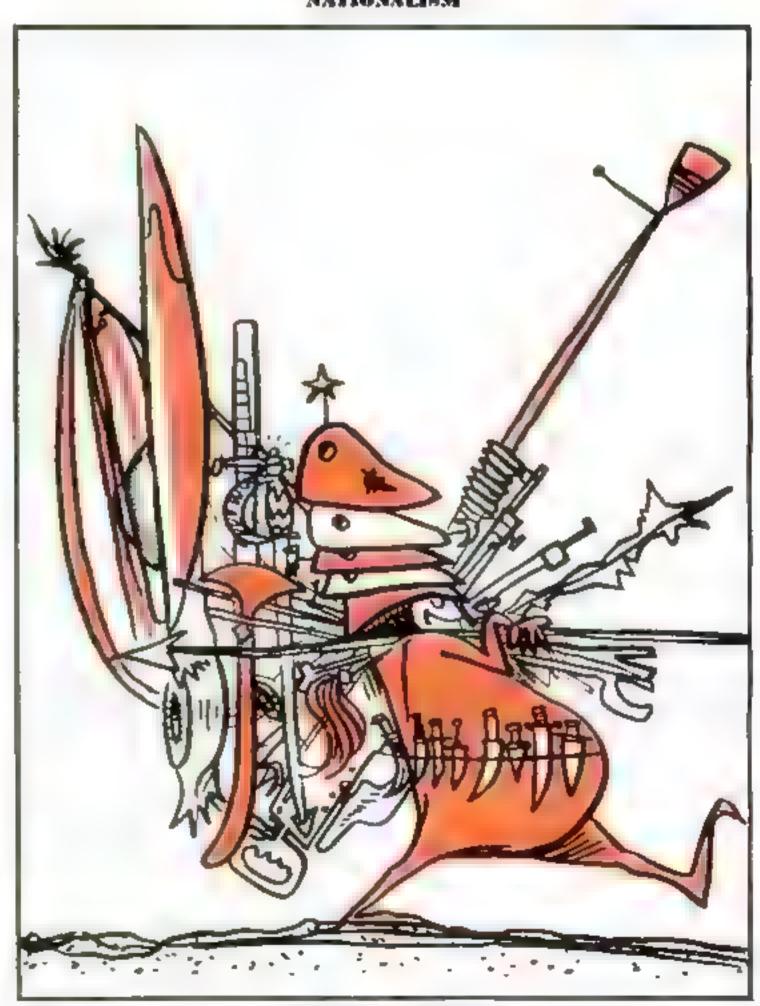




SECRET NATIONALISM



THE LEGISLATORS



SPEAKING OF PICTURES ...

EX-NAVY ARTIST LAMPOONS THE WHOLE ART OF WAR



ROBERT OSBORN

Like many another ex-serviceman, Lieut. Commander Robert Osborn (USNR) came out of the war scarcely more appalled by its horrors than infuriated by its stupidity and red tape. These emotions he has preserved in a book of wry drawings called # ar Is No Damned Good! (Doubleday & Company, \$2). Famous throughout the Navy for his hilarious training cartoons of a dim-witted pilot named Dilbert (Life, May 17, 1943), Osborn has since developed a far more savage technique fully in keeping with its savage subject. He has crucified everything in

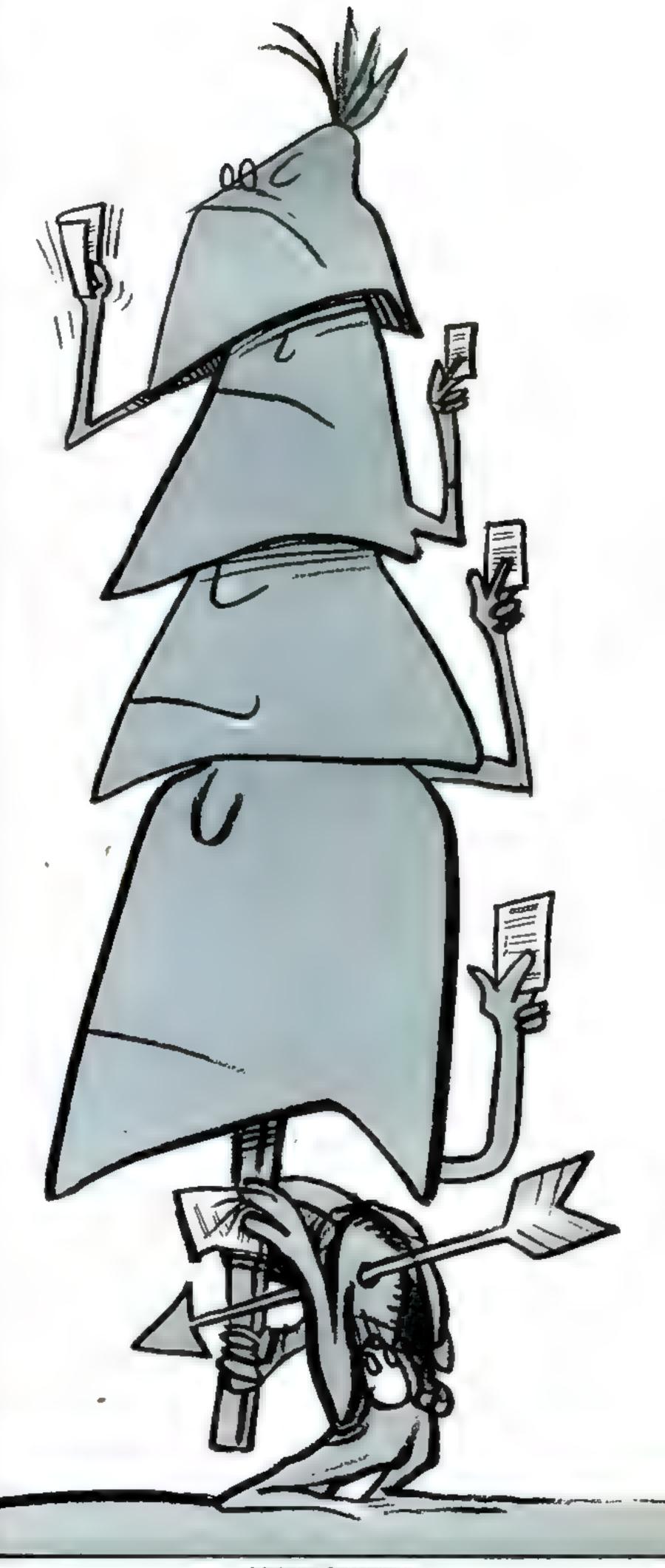
war from propaganda (shown opposite as a long row of strange, eggshaped creatures marching blindly over a cliff with only the lowest figare opening its eyes in sudden fright) to military channels (in which a spent courier (right) dies transfixed by a huge arrow while his message is being pondered by towering layers of upper brass).

In a biting foreword the author sharpens his pictorial satire by outlining what he does not show. "There is," he admits, "no picture of the refugees . . . trying to escape the terror. Nothing to show how cold the bitter cold can be; or how men fall apart with jungle rot."

Osborn's prewar occupations included painting, teaching Greek philosophy, coaching football and trapshooting. He got a Naval Reserve commission when, armed with three of his cartoon books, called How to Shoot Ducks, How to Shoot Quail and How to Catch Trout, he encountered "an Irish captain with a sense of humor." Assigned to the Naval Training Literature Section, he turned out 2,000 posters and illustrated 25 training manuals, one of which is devoted entirely to the mistakes of the unforgettable Dilbert. He also learned to fly, managed to get in on the battle for Saipan and wound up with the Legion of Merit.



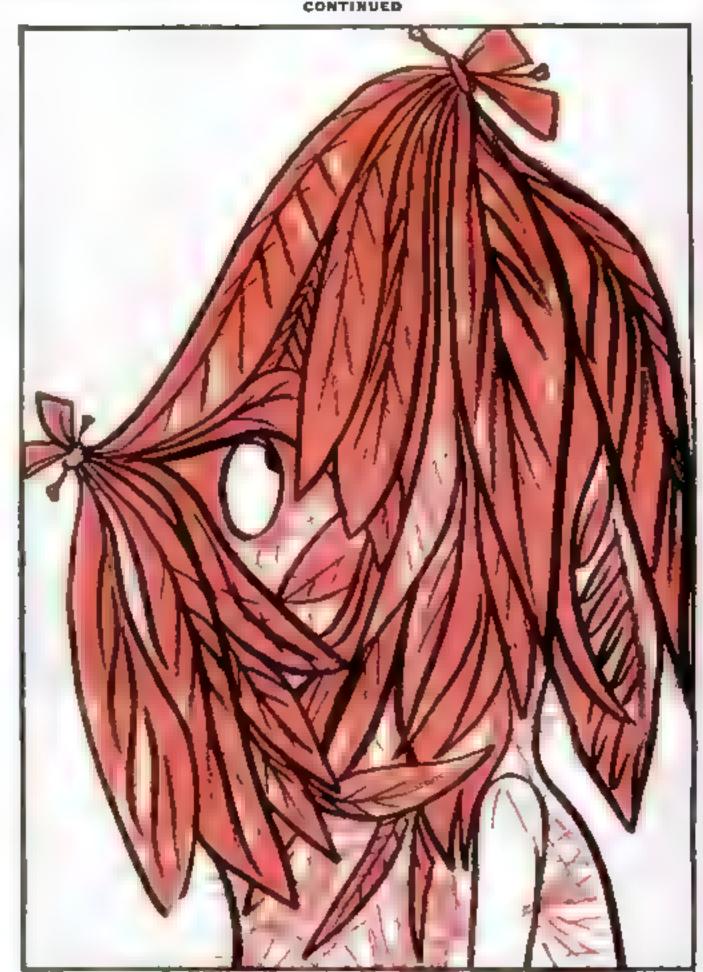
DELAY



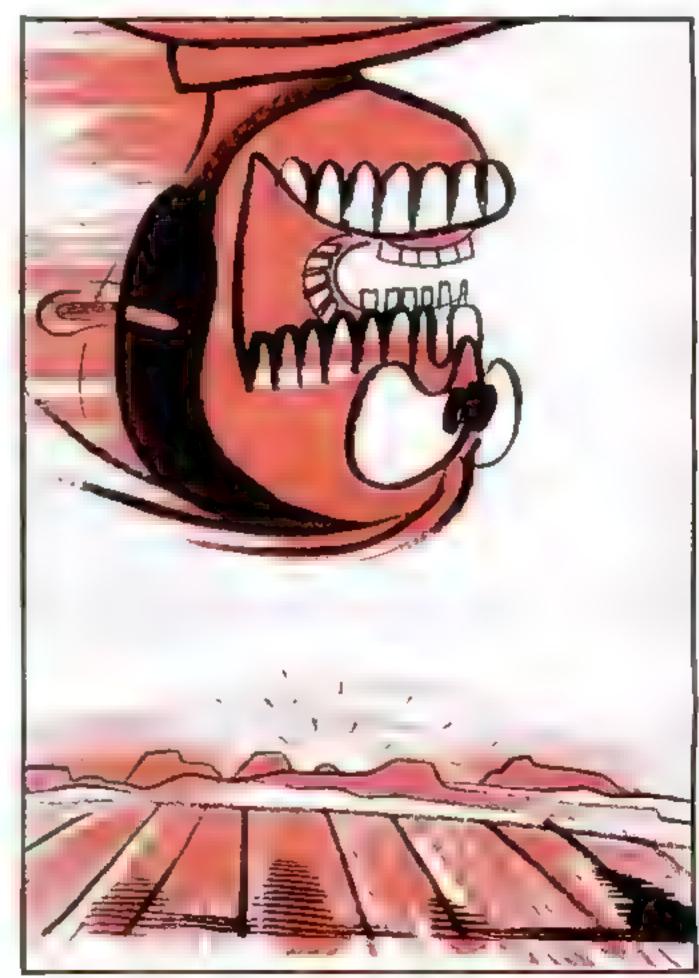


SPEAKING OF PICTURES

CONTINUED



A.W. O. L.



FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR























Upholatery alip covers.

Carment hage, blanket hage

Luggage, bundings Draperies, curtains

Tableciuths



Dust and soot roll off new snow-white curtains and chairs

New kind of furniture will be used in homes and offices -even offices in or near dusty, sooty industrial plants

NEW kind of upholstered furni-A ture can be as white as new snew -and easily kept that way. Most dust and dire comes off with a damp cloth, You could write on the upholstery with a fountain pen or spill blobs of ink on it and then take it off with soap and water. If washed immediately it's almost as easy to clean as a piece of glass.

Colors needn't be dark like most other upholstery. They can be brilliant or light pastel shades. Koroseal upholstery wears better than leather too, is practically scuffproof.

Curtains in the picture are made of thin, translucent Koroseal film, The surface is so smooth that dust rolls off. Where ordinary curtains would have to be washed every week, Koroseal might go for a month or more. In some places curtains made of Koroseal film might stay up a full year without seriously needing to be washed. If they're spattered up in some way they're easily laid out on a flat surface

and washed with soap and water. They rarely need to be ironed; they smooth out just by hanging.

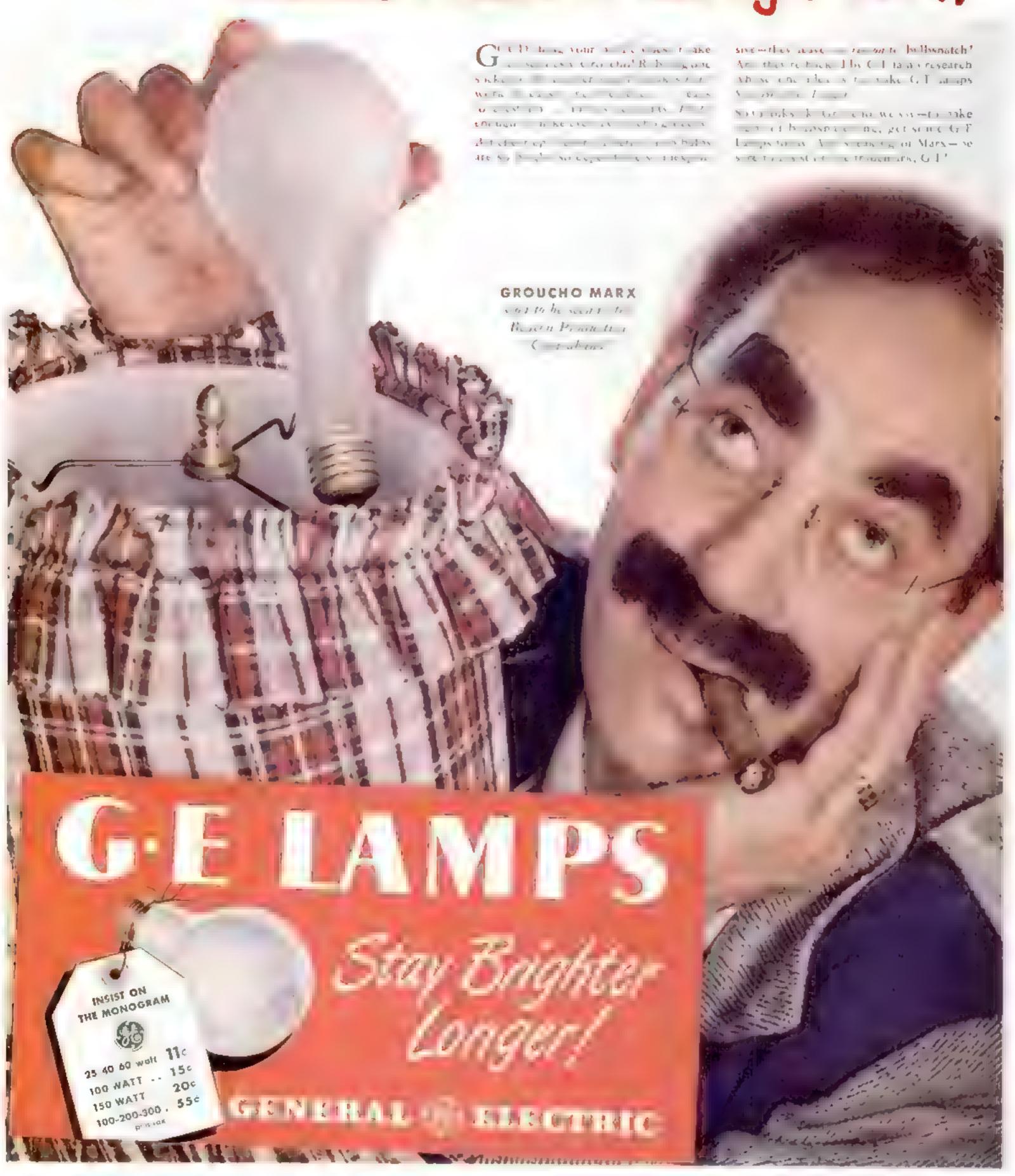
These are two of the dozens of things being made of Koroseal flexible synthetic, with many more yet to come. Koroseal, developed before the war by B. F. Goodrich, comes from hmestone, coke and salt. It's 100 per cent waterproof (not just water repellent). It doesn't harden, get brittle or crack even after years of use, doesn't get soft and sticky even in the warmest, wettest weather. Raincoats, golf jackets, umbrellas won't stick even if folded up and put away when wet.

Unfortunately, there are articles in the stores made of materials that look

like Koroseal flexible synthetic-and are even sometimes called Koroseal by mistake—that don't have its properties. But every article really made of it is labeled. Look for that label in order to be sure. If it doesn't carry the name Koroseal, you can be sure it is not made of Koroseal! The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio,



"I took up Bulbsnatching," says Groucho Marx because I heard it was light work!"



Vol. 22, No. 4



January 27, 1947

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LIFE'S COVER

When winter comes to the Atlantic Coast (pages 54-63), the shoreline's 208 lighthouses take on a new importance. The one on Life's cover is 720,-000-candiepower Sankaty Head, marking Nantucket Island 30 miles off New England. Sankaty was built in 1849 to warn against the island's shouls, which have wrecked more than 700 ships. But no lighthouse is infallible. In 1886 the three-master Witherspoon, in a snowstorm, mistook Sankaty for another light and ran aground. Nantucketers saved two crewmen, then helplessly watched seven others freeze and fall, one by one, into the breakers.

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources, credit is recorded picture by picture (left to right, top to bottom) and line by line (lines separated by dashes) unless otherwise specified.

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21 JACK YOUNG FROM ATLANTA JOURNAL
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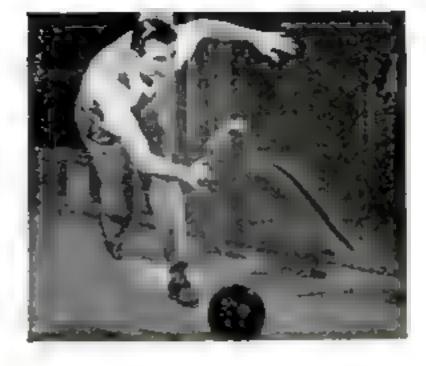
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Know how exercise gives you those red-corpuscle good looks that say "Man alive!"? The Vitalis "60-Second Workout" gives the same kind of vigorous good looks to your hair. Makes hair look vital, alive. When better-looking men are made . . . they'll thank Vitalis. First step . . .

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50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. That stimulating tingle is just a starter. Vitalis' pure vegetable oils get to work preventing dryness, supplying natural lustre to dull hair. You rout embarrassing loose dandruff, help check excessive falling hair. 10 seconds to comb... hours to admire. On your way, Handsome!





than stand still. move up front with the famous Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

Product of Bristol-Myers

TO KEEP INFORMED THOUSANDS HABITUALLY DIAL PROGRAM WHICH TROUT CALLS "THE NEWS TILL NOW."

FIRST NEWSCASTERS twenty years ago read headlines for farmfolk whose newspaper deliveries were slow



FOR EYE-WITNESS STORY of U. S. Fleet at New York in 1933, a news team sets up on a skyscraper roof.

RADIO NEWS GROWS UP

From Robert Trout U. S. now gets complete, objective daily newscast

Fach weekday, at 6:45 P.M., E.S.T., dials all across the country turn to the nearest of 133 CBS stations for Robert Trout's broadcast, The News Till Now. What listeners get in the next fifteen minutes is news of the U.S., events and people here in America; and world news as it pertains to U.S. life. They get the news, auto out and acts that, for the listener, make news live

Back of Trout's News Till Now is a long history of radio news growing up. In 1942, one US radii sponsor decided to take a long, careful look at ridio news. Campbell's Soups, who have, over the years, been identified with many different types of radio broadcast, started then to plan for the kind of ralio news that postwar listeners would want and need. Three and a half years later, on April 181, 1946, the plans were ready to take the air.

The crack team of 22 radio correspondents who had beamed war news direct from every battlefront, was retained at world news centers to resort the events of peace. A similar team co a c correspondents was delegated at home to cover U.S. news A special group covers news in the Capital, with Bob Tyans, veteran newstran and expert on national affairs, Trout's exclusive Washington correspondent. And all the In the newspervices, AP, UP, INS, Reuters and full CBS news, are ut lized. Then a research anediting still helps Trout to verify, documen . sift and could have the more than 200,000 words of news received each day. Finally, to occupy the exact center of this vast news web, Bob Trout was chosen. Frout had covered the Battle of Britain. reported D-Day, V-E Day, V-J Day. For 15 years I rout had broade ist firsthand accounts of event that made history. Complete news coverage, evewitness accounts from ace correspondents, expered une. Bob Trout's clear graphic reporting style-in The News Till Now an aiert postwapublic gets the kind of daily newscast it want

CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY



EDITORS, RESEARCHERS, as well as world-wide team of correspondents, help Trout build each day's newscast

LIFE



IN A TENSE MOMENT AT THE GOVERNOR'S OFFICE, YOUNG HERMAN TALMADGE (LEFT) AND HIS DETERMINED RIVAL ELLIS ARNALL STAND FACE TO FACE

ANOTHER TALMADGE TAKES OVER GEORGIA

In Georgia last week the U.S. got an object lesson in how fine is the line that divides democracy from rule by force, whim, family favoritism or mob violence. Thanks to a single careless phrase in a state constitution, the nation had to watch the unsavory spectacle of men fighting for the Georgia governorship as if it were a prize awarded for belligerent oratory, lock-picking and judicious maneuvering of the state police force.

The plot began last summer when Ol' Gene Talmadge won the Democratic primary. The Republicans did not even bother to name a candidate to oppose him in the November election. His old friends were rejoicing over the prospects of getting back on the gravy train—when suddenly a horrible thought occurred. Ol' Gene was a sick man. What if he died before inauguration?

Loyal Henchman Gibson Ezell (see next page) began studying the state constitution, found a phrase which struck his ingenious fancy. It said

ways so that no candidate receives a majority, the legislature names the governor from the two highest candidates. With a little legal stretching, this might cover a case where an election winner died before taking office. So the Talmadge henchmen got busy. On election day they persuaded 675 of their friends to scratch out Gene Talmadge's name and write in the name of his son. Young Herman Talmadge, 33, is a lawyer, one-time playboy, one-time Navy heutenant commander and a perfect substitute for his father. He holds the same views on white supremacy and enjoys the same fond relations with the Ku Klux Klan.

Sure enough, after winning the election Of Gene died on Dec. 21. To his plotting henchmen the remaining contenders were young Herman and a granite salesman named D. T. Bowers, a perennal candidate who got 637 write-in votes.

But in the way of the plot stood Ellis Arnall.

Arnall had given his state an admirably progressive administration. But twice he had tried to persuade the legislature to change Georgia law so that he could run to succeed himself, and twice he had failed. Now he too found a phrase in the constitution which said that the governor should hold office "until his successor shall be chosen and qualified." After due thought he felt he was compelled to use the phrase to keep young Herman out of the governorship and let in Melvin Thompson, who was elected lieutenant governor last November.

The question was which interpretation of the constitution the legislature would accept. Before the opening session Talmadge and Thompson set up campaign headquarters, worked day and night to curry favor. In the showdown the Talmadge forces won. But when Talmadge tried to take over the governor's office, Arnall refused to budge (above). For the amazing events which preceded and followed this scene, see the next four pages.



BRAIN TRUSTER of the Talmadge plot, Gibson Ezell, studies the developments at newsstand in his dime store. Ezell first tipped off Talmadge forces to legal loophole.



BACKSTAGE POLITICKING before meeting of legislature finds Talmadge (right) cornering Sheriff D. S. Hudson in a bathroom of Atlanta's Henry Grady Hotel.



LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR Melvin Thompson (center) holds a hotel-room conference with his followers. At left is ex-Governor E. D. Rivers, one of his chief backers.



TALMADGE HEADQUARTERS in the Grady Hotel is mobbed by army of Ol' Gene's friends and ambitious politicos who overflow rooms and mill in corridor outside.



THOMPSON HEADQUARTERS, on the same floor of hotel, is relatively quiet with only three of the faithful standing out in the ball at peak of the electroneering.



FORGOTTEN HEADQUARTERS belonging to darkhorse candidate, D.T. Bowers, looks out on empty ball. These three pictures, made same night, proved prophetic.



VOTE-SEEKER at crucial session of legislature wears Talmadge campaign ribbon and hooks thumbs through red galluses just as Ol' Gene used to. Talmadge supporters, especially faithful "wool-hatters" from the rural districts, poured into town for the show.



GENE TALMADGE'S WIDOW (left) eats lunch in gallery of legislature for fear of losing seat if she leaves. She told photographer, "You know country folks have to eat their lunch around noon." At right is Gladys Creal, former secretary to Ol' Gene.



TALMADGITES CHEER as tally of November's election returns shows their favorite son going over the top with enough write-in votes to qualify for governorship.



1NAUGURAL OATH is administered at 1:55 a.m. Jan. 15 after legislature has named Taimadge governor by 10:1 87 vote. At right is his sister, Mrs. Wildiam Kimbrough.



LEAVING LEGISLATURE, Talmadge (center) is surrounded by his well-wishers one of whom holds a flag over the new governor's head at an angle remanscent of

the famed Iwo Inna victory picture. Pretty woman in foreground is Talmadge's wife. They are on their way to governor's office in capitol, where Arnall awaits them.



FIST FIGHT breaks out as Talmadgites arrive and try to crash the door to Arnall's office. Here John Nahara (fist upraised), who once served as Gene Talmadge's bodyguard, aims a punch at Arnall's executive secretary, P. T. McCutcheon (center of doorway).



PEACEMAKERS push Nahara back from doorway. Intense feeling of the moment is shown in expression of youth on right in this photo and at left of the doorway in picture 12. Ruckus ended with Arnall holding the inner office and Talmadge outer rooms.



LOCKED OUT OF HIS OFFICE, ARNALL MOVES TO INFORMATION DESK IN CAPITOL LOBBY, HERE HE IS INTERVIEWED BY TIME-LIFE CORRESPONDENT BILL HOWLAND.

TALMADGE FORCES MOVE IN AND ARNALL GETS EVICTED

The chmax of the battle was written at night. As soon as Arnall went home, Talmadge men changed the locks on the executive offices to let I almaige in and keep Arnall out For a lix Arnall arried on in the lot by (above) But next morning to found even this desk taken over by a 237-pound Talma igite. At

the same time Talma ige use I state troopers to effeet a charge of fenants at the executive mansions (below) and got busy swearing in his own assistants (of posite page). At week's end Arnall resigneds Thompson was sworn in as his successor and the fight went on toward a final settlement in the courts.



NEW TENANTS, Talmadge's wife and son, arrive at the governor's mansion with police escort. Said the new first lady, "Mrs. Arnall certainly left things in apple-pie order."



OLD TENANT, Arnall, finds two state troopers blocking him at mansion door. Tal-madge cohorts took over during the night while Arnall and family were out of town...



NEW OFFICIALS are sworn in postbaste by Talmadge. Here he administers oath to Labor Commissioner Ben Huiet while Huiet's assistant, Berry Holbook, a midget, stands

by on the desk. Many former Arnall appointees quickly stufted allegrance. But Attorney General Eugene Cook stuck by Arnall, filed suit challenging Talmadge's claim to office.

THE STATE OF SPORTS

ARE FIXERS AND COMMERCIALISM ENDANGERING OUR AMERICAN STANDARDS OF FAIR PLAY?

When a member of Congress (Hebert, D., La.) in all seriousness introduces a bill to make athlete-bribing a federal offense, it is time to take a look at the state of sports in the U.S. This bill was prompted, of course, by indignation over the case of one Alvin J. Paris, who is in a New York jail for trying to fix the big game (Giants-Bears play-off) of the professional football season. Two years ago five young "amateur" basketball players from Brooklyn College were caught in a similar bribery scandal. Both incidents invited wide comparison with the Black Sox tragedy of 1919. As in that postwar year, so today: such big money is bet on U.S. sports that characters like Paris can afford to invest heavily in the most tedious and elaborate chance-reducing operations. He spent hours bombarding two key backfield men with all manner of character-weakening attentions, among them glamour girls who might have inspired some real college tries in the happier days of Dink Stover, whereas nowadays to win the girl it seems you have to-but let's stick to the subject.

The subject is not at all frivolous. Sports are a palladium of one of the great American values, fair play. If one could rank these values by the importance Americans attach to them, fair play would surely be found near the top of the list, far above, for example, chastity or soap. That is why a local incident like the Paris case can reverberate in the halls of Congress. It is also why there is so much hypocrisy on the subject of sports, for hypocrisy—the "homage which vice pays to virtue"—is found only in the neighborhood of genuine values. If the standards of sports in America are really changing, a change in the American character will not be far behind.

What is an Amateur?

There are two issues here, and they need to be kept separate. The first is commercialism, which actually has little or nothing to do with fair play but which has agreated the moral watchdogs of sports for a generation and is responsible for a lot of hypocrisy still. Only two weeks ago the National Collegiate Athletic Association met in New York under the shadow of the Paris scandal and also of the cancellation, forced by West Point, of the great national institution and bookmakers' Christmas, the Army-Notre Dame football game (there won't be any after this year). Professor Wilbur Smith of Wyoming, outgoing president of N.C.A.A., spoke in favor of outright subsidies for college football players, a level of realism already reached by the Southeastern Conference colleges, which are proud of being "openhanded in the matter of subsidization and other dealings with athletes."

But Dr. Smith was swamped by a rush of piety to the gavel. The N.C.A.A. adopted a new "purity code," reaffirming ancient standards of amateurism and even condemning the off-campus recruitment of promising ivory by college coaches. Almost every sports writer in America laughed a little angrily at this code, for none of them expects it to be adhered to. The president of Notre Dame, Father Cavanaugh, frankly denounced it. "We at Notre Dame make no apologies about wanting winners," said he. Obviously there is a serious lag between the real and professed standards of amateurism in American sports.

The classic authority on this subject is Paul Gallico, whose Farewell to Sports (1938) contains a chapter called "Amateurs? There Ain't None." He would not even allow the sportswriters' definition of an amateur: "A guy who won't take a check." His own definition of an amateur runner was a commuter running for the 8:13. His term for "going pro" was "turning square." Two things, he reasoned, had made true amateurism impossible: the increasingly rigorous standards of proficiency in all organized athletics, and the increasing gate receipts. "Only a rich boy or a loafer can devote all his time to play," and so the American athlete is working for somebody, whether he gets an overt and adequate cut of those gate receipts or not.

Rackety Rax

Since Gallico wrote, both gate receipts and proficiency have been increasing; indeed almost all sports had a record year in '46 and anticipate another in '47. A new sport, basketball, which did not even rate a chapter in Gallico's book, has achieved a measure of prosperity and proficiency which makes it almost the No. 1 national game.

In Rackety Rax, Joel Sayre's satire on commercialism, a gangster named Knucks McGloin put big-time football on a rational basis by founding a college (Canarsie) around 11 bruisers. He fixed it so the score of each of Canarsie's victories was dictated by the betting odds, instead of the other way around. At length a rival gangster muscled in on this good thing, and in the final game the two teams destroyed each other with Tommy guns and Mills bombs. But before Knucks died, he was looking around for ways to branch out, and it struck him that "there ought to be something in this here basketball for us." This prophetic hunch is worth recalling today, for Alvin Paris was also interested in college basketball, and that sport has not changed its ways any since the Brooklyn College scandal. It is at least as far from either amateurism or forthrightness as football was when Gallico bade that "last stronghold of hypocrisy" goodby. Certainly every college basketball team that makes Madison Square Garden is in effect working for the bookies and for Garden Vice President Ned Irish, whether Irish pays them anything or not.

Is that bad? Not necessarily. Competition of the Garden and Rose Bowl type puts a stimulating spotlight on a fast game and a fast player. The dollars that accrue from them undoubtedly exaggerate the educational value of these sports in the minds of college presidents, but it is worth remembering that the crowds came before the bookies, and the game came before the crowds. If there were not a real game at the bottom of it, the crowds would decline to the proportions which attend professional wrestling "exhibitions." And any educator who thinks commercialized sports are dangerous has one sure way out. The way to de-emphasize is to deemphasize, i.e., abolish the varsity. The University of Chicago did it.

So much for commercialism. It is not the real issue. The issue is fair play, which is characteristic of both "amateur" and professional sports and which (as the two scandals illustrate) is threatened in both. It is threatened not just by a few bookies and touts but by the same things that always threaten everybody's values,

such as the fast buck and the blonde. During the Brooklyn College scandal the newspaper PM ostentatiously refrained from repeating the names of the bribed players on the grounds that the boys (three of them veterans) were not responsible for their sins but were instead "victims of a victous racket." Seldom has the environmental theory of morals been carried to so puritanical an extreme. Obviously sin is sin, wherever you find it.

But a clean world of sports is important to America precisely because the major lesson of all clean sports, whether commercialized or not, runs against the Alvin Parises. This lesson is that the means (fair play) is more important than the end (winning). As victory-loving Father Cavanaugh put it, Americans "worship a winner so long as he wins honestly according to the rules." It is when the rules are broken that Americans get sore.

Keep Them Clean

Respect for fair play is not exclusively American but, along with competitive sports, it has been most developed in the English-speaking world. Many foreign people seem to have no concept of it at all. That is why international athletic contests, notably Hitler's 1936 Olympics, often produce such dismal results from the standpoint of international goodwill. When a Russian soccer team played in England a year ago, the "misunderstandings" almost reached the level of Foreign Office protests. Other peoples, or so it often seems, are for winning at all costs. They also misunderstand another value which Americans learn from their games, namely team play. This was illustrated in Berlin recently when U.S. soldiers began teaching German boys to play baseball. The Russians objected on the ground that baseball is a "paramilitary activity," involving "regimentation!"

Organized sport is accused of many crimes, among them Jim Crowism. But it is significant that sport is the first great business-next to minor branches of the entertainment industry -in which Jim Crowism is being attacked from within. Branch Rickey has four Negro baseball players on Brooklyn farm teams; Yale has Levi Jackson; the bars are lowering slowly, and that is natural because Jim Crowism is inconsistent with the basic morality of sport. So are a lot of other evils. Hobbes, the superrealist, called human society a "war of all against all." Perhaps sportsmanship may be defined as the voice that answers, "Parts of it aren't." For our own and everybody's sake, we will do well to defend and promote clean sports in America.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK:

Last week scenes like this were growing common at airports all over the U.S. At LaGuardia Field, where this picture was taken, planes were taking off with well under half of their seats filled. Operators attributed lack of business to the ending of the wartime boom and bad weather that grounded many planes. But another reason was that head-lines of recent plane crashes had made the public pittery about flying. At week's end both the Senate and House of Representatives were assigning committees to investigate causes of the crashes and find a way to prevent them. For some of the causes and some means of prevention, turn the page.





WHEN THE WEATHER CLOSES IN, this is what can happen and did On Jan 5 a DC-5 currying 31 passengers left La Guardia Field, New York City, bound for Balti-

over and Washington. It made its stop at Baltimore and took off. But at Washington five planes already were trying to land on the rain-shrouded field. The DC-3 flew back



ON THE BEACH the DC-3 attracted the curious, had to be roped off. Its starboard engine was torn loose, both pilots suffered minor cuts. There were no other casualties.

WEATHER CAUSES CRASHES

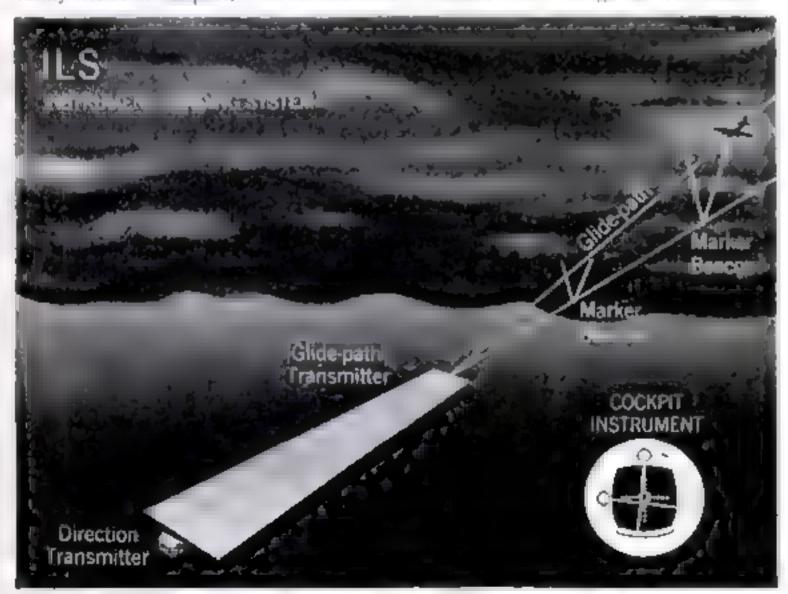
Blind flying aids may solve 1947's major air problem

This winter's series of domestic airline crashes, some grotesque (above), most of them tragic, have killed 45 passengers. They also brought the problem of air safety forcibly home not only to the public but to the men who make their living in the airlines. Said David Behncke, president of the transport pilots' umon, "The public is already jittery about air travel. . . . They have to be shown that honest-to-God efforts are being made for the maximum safety."

Two factors seem to have caused most of this winter's crashes: "pilot error" and thick weather. Pilot error, often the result of static-garbled radio beams, "stacking" of planes above overcrowded airports and the modern airliner's enormously complicated instruments, is difficult to correct. But two landing devices. Ground Controlled Approach and the Instrument Landing System (right) offer solutions to the weather problem. Both of them were used by U.S air forces and since the war have been installed in a few civilian airports, where they have worked successfully. Last week Civil Aeronautics Administrator T. P. Wright said that such devices would have prevented 25% of last year scrashes. Both GCA and ILS are costly, both have flaws. But used together they offer one way to make flying a little safer and airline business a little better



to Baltimore, could not get in because other plants were making emergen y lambings, vainly tried Philadelphia, went on to New York. But it was snowing at La Guardia. The



TWO RADIO BEAMS connecting ground and pilot are basis of ILS system. One transmitter sends the frequency that determines path of plane's descent, and the other sends the frequency that determines direction of approach. Two needles of a cockpit distrument tell pilot if he is on right path. Marker beacons give him check on position.

pilot headed for Westover Field Conn. but almost out of gas, had to make a crash linding on Jones Beach, 23 miles from where he had started out nearly five hours before.



THREE RADAR BEAMS working on the ground are basis of GCA system. First sweep beam picks up the plane 30 miles away indicates it on the search scope (inset, left). Then the "close-in" scope (inset, night) picks it up, showing its elevation, direction and distance. Watching it, controller talks the pilot down onto the field landing strip

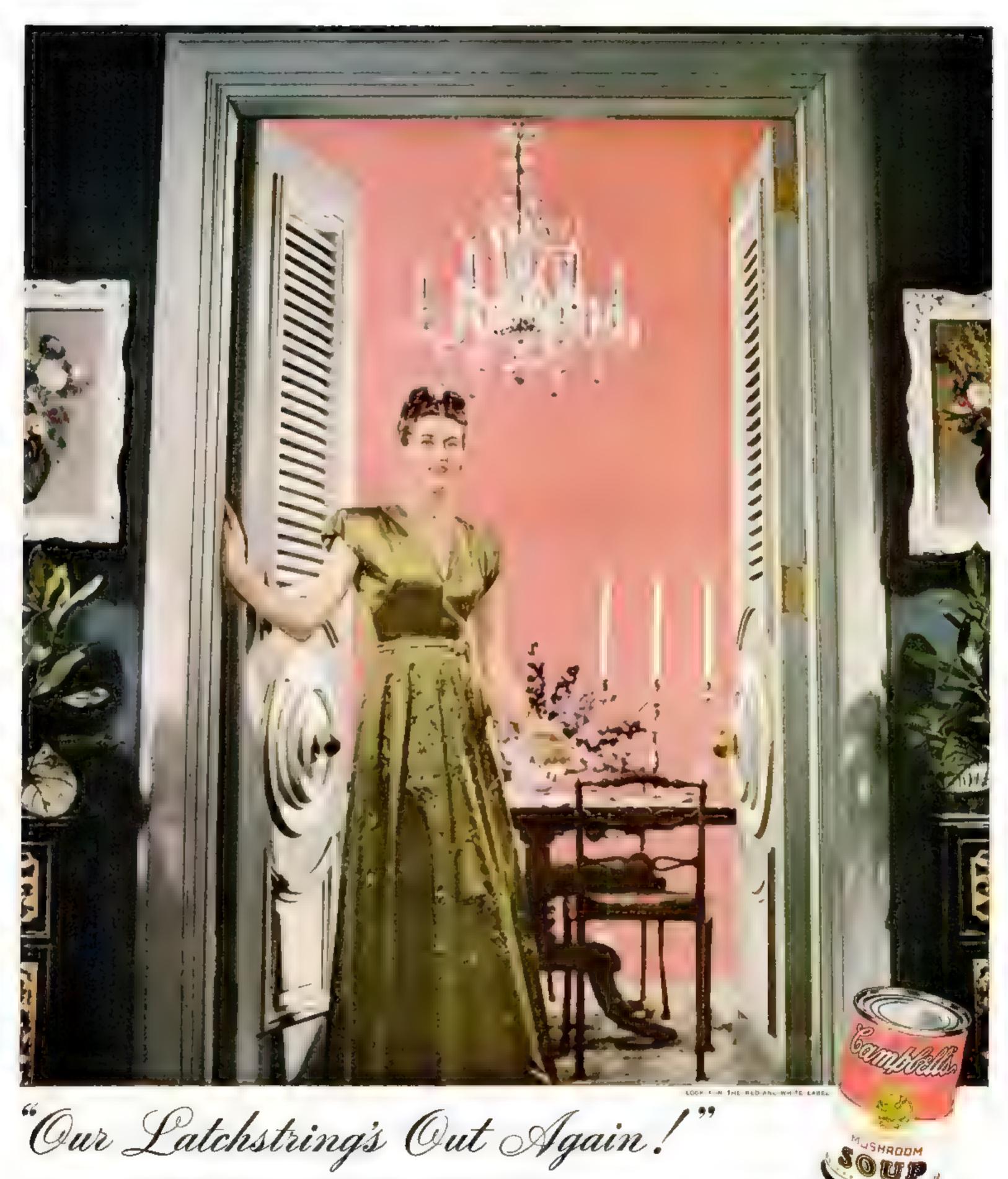


ELECTRICALLY CHARGED WATER, SPOUTING FROM A SHEARED-OFF HYDRANT THROUGH HIGH-TENSION WIRES OVERHEAD, FALLS ON A WRECKED CAR IN SAN DIEGO

ELECTRIC RAIN

Motorist runs into a hot shower

On the right of Jan 11 Sailor LeRoy Edmon is lost control of his automobile in the suburbs of San Diego Cahf, grazed an electric power and pole and whacked into a fire hydrant. Two seconds later the public utilities joined forces and struck back at him. Sheared off at ground level, the hydrant loosed a booming 100-foot geyset which soaked and short circuited high sension wires directly over head. Thousands of sparks danced in the roaring waterspout and smot iere I the car in a cascade of incan rescent rain. Suppling wet, Edmonds got awas fast enough to escape injury, but before emergency crews were at le to shut it off half an hour later, the crackling geyser had drenched his ruined car.



"What fun to entertain once more! Of And how good it is to have such a in marvelous soup as Campbell's Cream

of Mushroom to add to the welcome!

I simply never tasted such wonderful

blending of mushrooms and cream.

Of course it's a 'must' in entertaining. And my husband practically commands this soup at least once a week, even when there's just the family—'because I like it', says he, giving a man's best reason!"



CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP

Made from tender hothouse mushrooms and extra-heavy sweet cream . . . Have you served this luxury soup lately?



KILLARNEY CASTLES

with egg and olive sauce

I box Blids Eye Spinach I teaspoon grated onion I cup bailing water, salted 1 tablespoon butter 1 teaspoon lemon juica

Remove spinach from carton. Cut block in 1-inch cubes with sharp knife. Add onion and cubes of spinach to boiling water, bring again to a boil, and boil 4 minutes, or until spinach is just tender; drain. Add butter and lemon juice, Mold spinach in greased custard cup and unmold on platter. Serve with Egg and Olive Sauce. Makes 4 servings.

Egg and Olive Sauce. Melt 11/2 tablespoons butter in saucepan, add 2 tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt, and a dash of pepper and stir until smooth. Add 1/4 cup water and % cup chicken stock (or bouilloncube and water) gradually, stirring constantly. Then cook and stir until thickened. Add 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1/4 teaspoon lemon juice, 6 sheed stuffed olives, and 4 sheed hard-cooked eggs. Heat thoroughly.

FOR 4 HUNGRY PEOPLE THE TRY (made with that very special Birds Eye Spinach)



-TRY KILLARNEY CASTLES!

Here's springtime eating guaranteed to captivate jaded January appetites-

Mounds of tender, "thick leaf" Birds Eye Spinach with a lively, hearty egg and olive sauce.

You can fix 'em in a breeze. For Birds Eye super Spinach comes to you with every crisp, green leaf as free of grit as showers of icy water can clean it. Shed of stems, singing with dawn-fresh flavor!

It's a flavor you couldn't improve on-not even if you just gathered the spinach in your own June garden . . . a glorious, just-picked flavor that's sealed in by Birds Eye within 4 hours of the time the tender green stuff is snipped from its bed.

Serve Killarney Castles tonight, and get compliments that will be definitely not blarney!





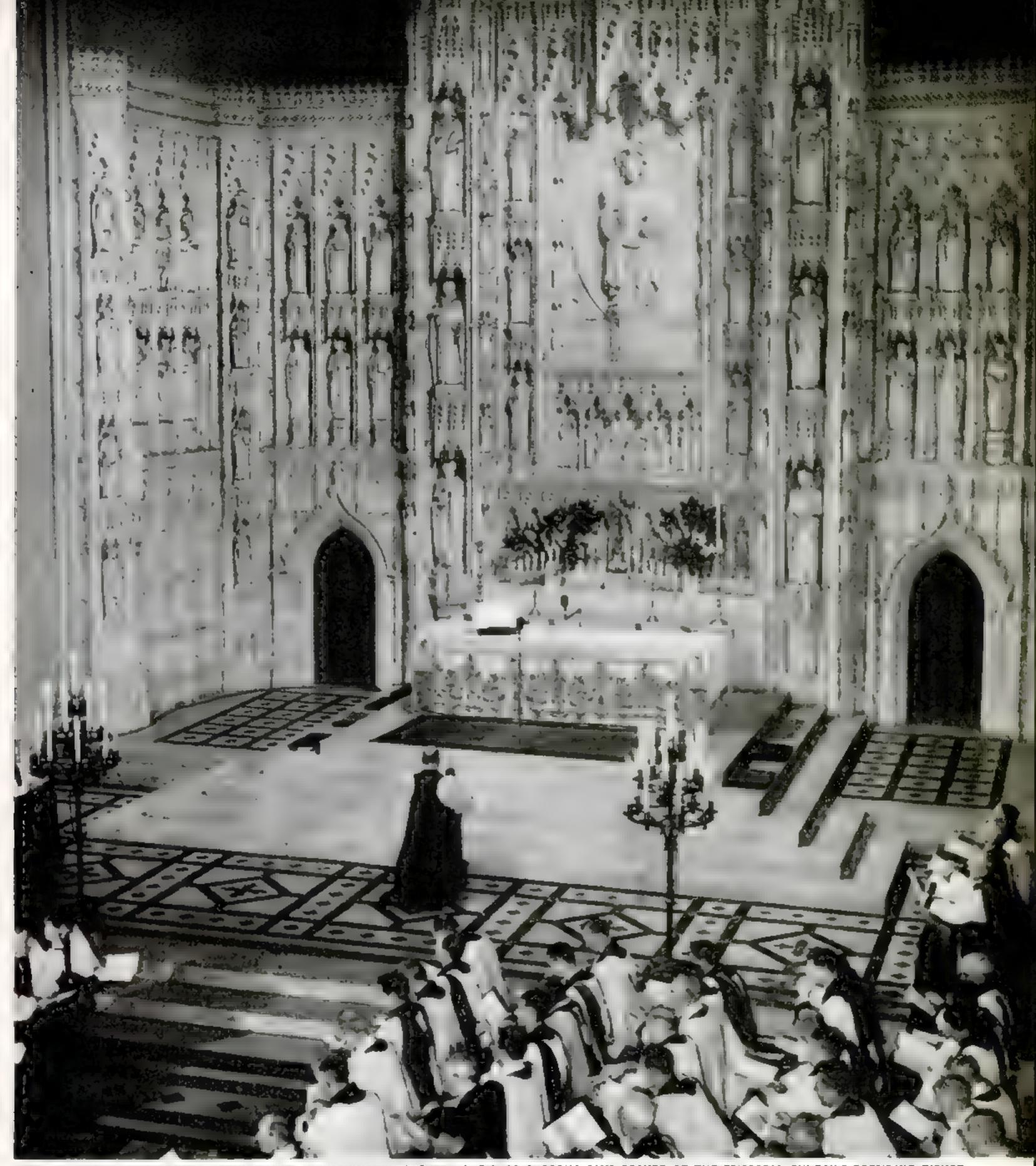


DON'T BE A YES-GIRL!

When someone declares up and down that other brands of quickfrozen foods are "the same as" Birds Eye-well, you know better! If you've compared, you're SURE only the box marked Birds Eye is Birds Fye-and offers that wonderful Birds Eye quality.

CHIN UP, WOMAN!

Ask for Birds Eye, and be sure you get Birds Fye. Then you know you're getting the very best in quick-frozen vegetables, fruits, poultry, and seafoods-always guaranteed to satisfy or money back!



KNEELING BEFORE THE ORNATE GOTHIC ALTAR IN WASHINGTON CATHEDRAL, BISHOP SHERRILL SAYS PRAYER OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH'S PRESIDING BISHOP

NEW HEAD BISHOP

Henry Knox Sherrill is installed as leader of U.S. Episcopalians

Long after the heralding trumpet was quiet Henry Knox Sherrill, about to be installed as presiding bishop of the U.S. Protestant Episcopal Church, knelt at the altar of Washington Cathedral last week (above). In an age-old ritual, used in England by new archbishops of Canterbury, he repeated the humble plea of Episcopal elergymen. It began: "Lord my God, I am not worthy...."

Then, through an elaborate ceremony, Bishop Sherrill, grandson of a Congregational minister,

became the titular head of some 2,500,000 Episco-palians, succeeding his friend, white-haire I Henry St. George Tucker. Unlike his prefecessor, who served as Bishop of Virginia for seven years while holding the highest office in his church, Bishop Sherrill will shortly resign his place as Bishop of Massachusetts, take his seat in Washington Cathedral for a 12-year term. There he will continue his hard fight to unite America's churches, particularly his own Episcopal Church and Presbyterians.

New Head Bishop CONTINUED



CEREMONY OF INSTALLATION, patterned after old English service, begins in cathedral chancel. Here former U.S. Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, head of church's House of Deputies, reads formal certificate of Bishop Sherrill's election.



OATH OF OFFICE is taken by Bishop Sherrill. His right hand rests on the master copy of the Book of Common Prover, kept in Washington, as the cathedral dean solemnly intones, "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister."



AS PRESIDING BISHOP Sherrill stands in a 20-foot-high oak stall to join in the singing of "We praise thee, O God." In rear row left is his family. In the challenging sermon he preached later, he asked other bishops of the church, the clergymen and

the congregation, "Where do we stand? What do you believe?" and urged each of them to reaffirm his Christian faith. Then all adjourned to a less formal ritual which, like the long and elaborate religious service, was borrowed from England; high tea.



Quality means the right materials, correctly used; the craftsmanship of expert carbuilders. It means designing for restful passenger accommodations and beauty of appointments to please the eye. It involves the ingenious use of space; the control of vibration, sound, weather and light; the mastery of engineering problems in which absolute safety is a vital MUST.

Quality is the heart element in these cars which makes them excel in service to the railroads and to millions of travelers. You'll find it in cars bearing the Pullman-Standard nameplate.

PULLMAN-STANDARD CAR MANUFACTURING COMPANY . CHICAGO Offices in six cities from coast to coast . Manufacturing plants at six strategic points

World's largest builders of streamlined railroad cars... PULLIMAN-STANIDARD



THE RIGHT REVEREND HENRY KNOX SHERRILL IS A THOUGHTFUL WELL-LOVED CHURCHMAN

New Head Bishop CONTINUED

HE BELIEVES IN CHURCH UNITY AND IN LIBERAL CHRISTIANITY

At 56, Henry Knox Sherrill is young to be head of one of the richest and most powerful (and seventh largest) churches in the U.S. He was only 39 when he became bishop of Massachusetts after having refused two other bishoprics in order to stay at Boston's great Trinity Church, the pulpit made famous by the preachings of Phillips Brooks. There he wisely trained himself to preach forceful sermons that filled the collection plates, to steer clear of intrachurch disputes and to take a nonclerical interest in fishing along with a deeply religious stand against swearing. When the House of Bishops convened to choose its head last September, it elected Henry Sherrill in record time.

As a Brooklyn boy, born in 1890, young Henry at 3 wore a velvet and linen suit with a ministerial look (below), early showed a ministerial bent. He worked his way through Yale and then went on to Cambridge Theological Seminary. He played catcher on seminary baseball team for which William Lawrence, now bishop of Western Massachusetts, was pitcher. While still a student, he became absorbed in the beliefs which still motivate him: the ideal of worldwide Christian unity, which John R. Mott, grand old man of Protestant youth movements, taught him, and a faith in liberal teachings, which he absorbed from Presbyterian Henry Sloane Coffin. He achieved notable success at his first parish, the Church of Our Saviour in Brookline, Mass., where his sermons made a parishioner exclaim, "I don't hke him. He keeps me awake."



MARRIAGE to Barbara Harris in 1921 climaxed courtship conducted in grand-stand of Fenway Park to avoid parishioners.

BISHOP of Massachusetts at the age of 39, he led one of the most active dioceses in Protestant Episcopal Church.

IN LAST WAR as chairman of Army-Navy chaplain commission he confirms new member at GI altar in Aleutians.

AT CONVENTION which elected him last September, he chais with the retiring presiding bishop Henry Tucker (left).



table sets-less than twelve inches long-have RCA Victor's exclusive "Golden Throat" tone system! Plenty of volume, too, with automatic volume control . . . yet they're low in price! Extra-large Magic Loop antenna . . . no ground wire needed. The colorful, straight-line dial, big knobs, mean easy, accurate tuning.

Choose the smooth Antique Ivory-plastic cabinet for your bedside table . . . tuck it into a kitchen shelf and listen while you work ... on the breakfast table, it takes little more space than a toaster! The nest, walnut-plastic cabinet is at home in modern or traditional living rooms. It's an ideal "extra" set for children's room, guest room or den.

These compact table sets are at your RCA Victor dealer's now... small in size and price, but full-toned star performers!



Division of RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

*"Victroia" T. M. Rag, U. S. Pat. Off.





FANCY CATTLE CAR

A champion steer goes on a tour of 20,000 miles in a de luxe van

The current campus glamour boy of Oklahoma A. & M. is a 1,380-pound hunk of beef named Royal Jupiter. Born in the college's animal husbandry department and reared by the students. Jupiter became this year's International Grand Champion Steer. As a publicity stunt the Firestone Tire & Rubber Company promptly bought the champ for \$14,490 and is taking him on a 20,000-mile tour of the country to show farmers and Four-H Clubs

how prize-winning beef looks. To keep him happy Firestone gave Jupiter a luxurious truck (above) and an attendant to keep his coat fluffily marcelled and his hoofs daintily manicured while on the road. Then, before he left college, hundre is of students turned out to give him a big send-off (see p. 40). But the students' celebration was mixed with sadness. When he finishes his triumphal tour, Royal Jupiter will wind up on the dinner table.





Fancy Cattle Car continues



SEND-OFF in proper style is given Jupiter as his attendant, Herbert Carrier, leads him to his van. Jupiter netted \$14,490 for college when sold as prime beef.



WELCOME for Jupiter (in truck, rear) includes parade led by drum majorettes in Perry, Okla., first stop. Schools let out to observe King Jupiter Day.

CONTINUES ON SAGE AS

At last_that glorious "drink-it-and-sleep" -



What aroma! What wonderful flavor! So convenient! And 97% caffein-free!

This news is a coffee-lover's dream come true!

For now you can enjoy rich, flavorful Sanka Coffee in instant form!

What glorious aroma and flavor!

To get it—just put one teaspoonful of Instant Sanka (more if desired) in your cup. Add boiling water, stir.

Presto! You have the most glorious cup of coffee imaginable.

But more than that! You can drink Instant Sanka and sleep.

Like regular Sanka, Instant Sanka is all coffee...real coffee; nothing added, nothing removed but the caffein.

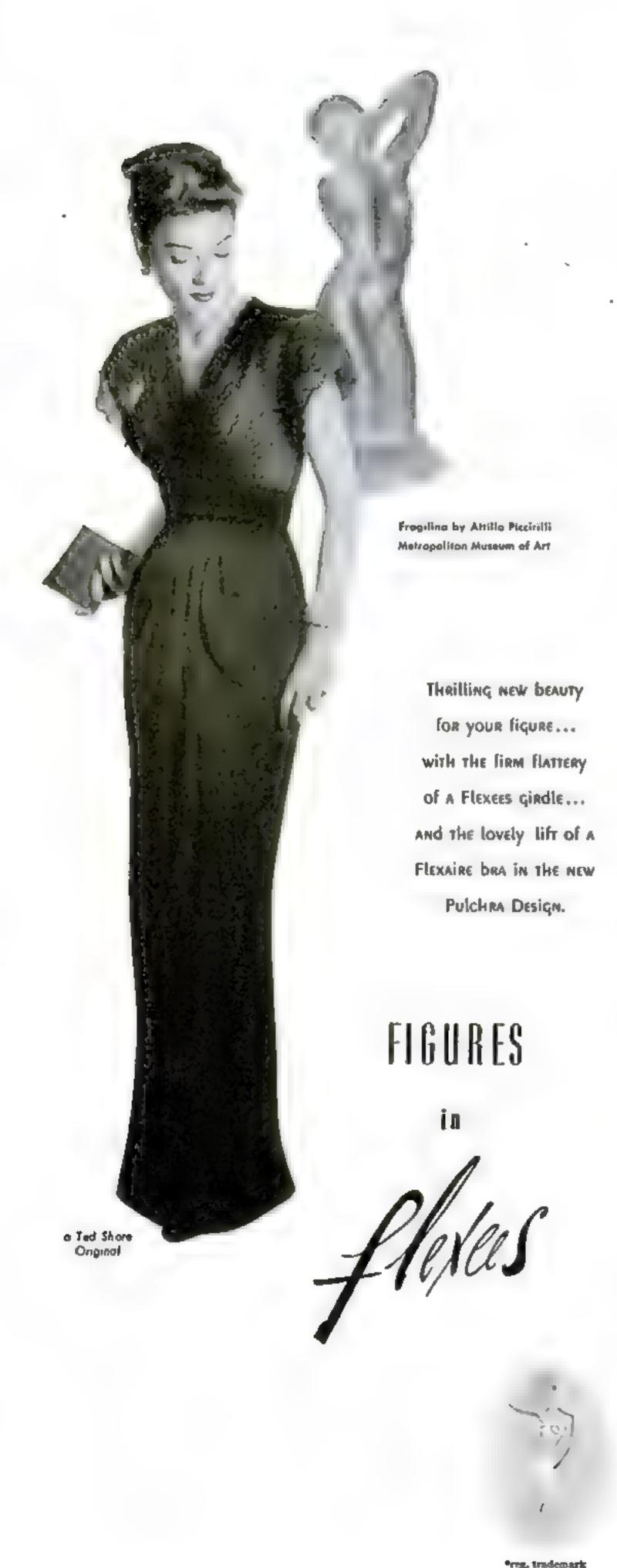
Both Instant Sanka and regular Sanka are at your grocer's or super-market. Try Sanka today. Ask for it at good restaurants everywhere.

MADE INSTANTLY IN THE CUP!

Look for Instant Sanka
in this small jar.
Makes about as many cups
as a pound of regular Sanha.

INSTANT SANKA COFFEE

Listen to Instant Sanka's New Thriller—"The Adventures of the Thin Man," CBS, Fri., 8:30 p.m., E.S.T.; 7:30 p.m., C.S.T.; 10:30 p.m., M.S.T.; 9:30 p.m., P.S.T. Don't miss this half-hour of chiller-diller entertainment!



FLEXEES* world's loveliest foundations

Fancy Cattle Car CONTINUED



BACK DOOR of Jupiter's truck has ramp to use when steer goes strolling. Equipment includes food storage bins, a fan, medicine cabinet, phonograph.



CROWD'S VIEW of Jupiter is through large side window. Most farmers wanted to pinch him to see if flesh felt "mellow" as good beef should. It did.



JUPITER'S VIEW of crowd is equally good. He stared back phlegmatically at people watching him. When blinds were lowered, he peeked between slats



Vegetable variety? Lady, you're looking at it! Choose any one with confidence—they're all in the Del Monte family



Del Monte
VEGETABLES





THREE DOORS FROM THE PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, CLIFFORD SITS READY FOR ANY ASSIGNMENT

CLARK CLIFFORD

Though critics have jeered at "the pretty boy in the White House," he has turned into the Hopkins and Rosenman of the Administration

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

MLARK McAdams Clifford, the St. Louisan who has suddenly become top adviser to the Truman administration, has been called the most gorgeous hunk of man to hit Washington since Paul McNutt. If anything, this is an understatement. McNutt's good looks were a sort of middle-aged afterthought compounded of prematurely silver hair and some expensive porcelain fancywork by his dentist. Clark Clifford, who was 40 on Christmas Day, is still in the full flush of his youth. The passing years have only turned his hair, which looks as if it had been waved with a micrometer, from taffy to buttered toast. He has all his own teeth, which are enough to send McNutt's dentist back to bricklaying, and scarcely an ounce of spare fat on his long and remarkably graceful

frame. Newcomers to White House conferences, dazzled by Chiford's appearance from the wings, sometimes have the momentary illusion that they have wandered by mistake into a musical-comedy rehearsal and are about to watch a young leading man pick up a football and sing Boola Boola.

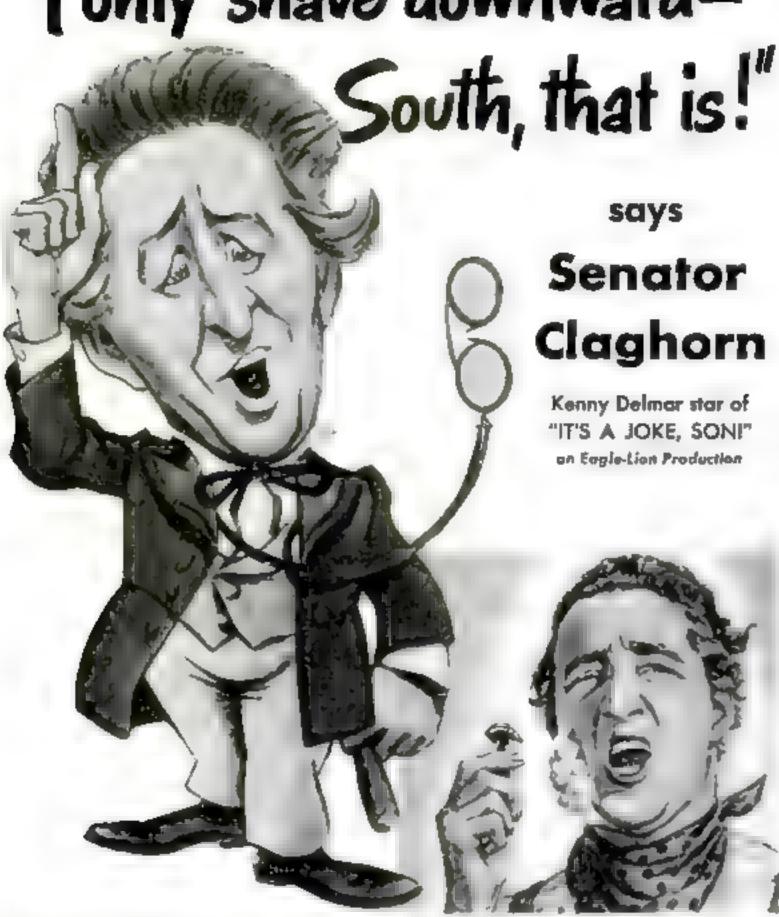
Clifford, a man of versatile talent, could oblige them if he chose. Though he never played football, he stands 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 184 pounds and could doubtless have succeeded anywhere from end to fullback. As for singing, he has a rich baritone voice and was actually engaged at one time, in an offhand way, in the musical-comedy business. He sang in the Quadrangle Club at Washington University in St. Louis, where he took his law degree, and during

his early years as an alumnus helped direct the club's annual musical show. He was their best matinee idol of the last three decades, and later the shows he helped produce were the nearest thing to professional in the Quadrangle Club's history.

Like many men to whom nature has been almost too generous. Chiford views his endowments with mixed emotions. When he was a boy, he had to get used to having adults exclaim, "My, what a beautiful baby he must have been!" Today he runs the constant risk, when introduced to a Washington dowager, of having her proclaim, as if she were just discovering something new, "I'll bet the girls were crazy about you in college!" Naturally he has trouble getting people to take him as seriously as he would

PERSONNAlly Speaking

"lonly shave downward-



"Yes, sir...that southern stroke plus a Personna Blade is the greatest combination for smooth shaves I ever saw. Even when I face Nor . . . the opposite of South, that is ... I get slick shaves from Personna. Smooth as a Georgia peach, I say,

"Lots of 'em, too. Smooth shaves, that is. Why, I figure I get so many extra shaves from every Personna Blade that they cost me even less than ordinary blades. 'Specially since I pay for 'em in Yankee coin, instead of good old Confederate money.



"And d'you know why Personna Blades are so good? Keen, that is. Well, they're made on South River Street-South River, that is-in Plattsburgh, N. Y., just south of the border. That makes 'em southern blades, son...so they're twice as good!"

Yes, if you don't get twice as many smoother shaves from Personna than from your present blades . . . we'll buy you two packs of any blade you choose. That's a guarantee! Buy Personna today, for the smoothest shaves of your hie!



10 for \$1

NOW! double edge and single edge

PERSONNA

Precision Blades

Personna Blades are made in the USA., Conada, Great Britain and South America, and are rold all over the world,

CLIFFORD CONTINUED

like. Although he has been at President Truman's side for 19 months, first as naval aide and now as special counsel, his name had hardly appeared in a newspaper dispatch until last November when his role in the White House fight against John L. Lewis be came so prominent that even reporters prejudiced against beauty in any form could no longer overlook it. By that time he had helped draft the President's policy on military training, had written the famous speech at the time of the railroad strike last spring and the veto of the antiumon Case bill and had done all the heavy work of selecting the Atomic Energy Commission, whose members are perhaps the most felicitous choice for the most im-



AT 2, Clark lived in Fort Scott, Kan. The family soon moved to St. Louis.

portant job in all governmental history. Yet even then, during his preliminary skirmishes with John Lewis, labor people dismissed him contemptuously as "that pretty boy in the White House," Not until John Lewis caved in against superior force did the labor people rub their eyes, take a second look and realize that Clark Clifford, handsome or not, was a factor to be reckoned with.

At the moment Clifford is serving Mr. Truman as a sort of combination Harry Hopkins and Sam Rosenman, available for advice, trouble-shooting or speech-writing. Though he does

not live in the White House, he spends most of his time there. His office, once occupied by Judge Rosenman, is only three doors away from the President's, and traffic between the two has grown increasingly heavy in recent months. The President is likely to call Clifford in at any moment, on almost any problem, and say, "Clark, I want you to handle this." Sometimes, as when he worked on decontrolling meat prices, he helps set policy. On other occasions he is called on to execute a policy already decided upon, as when he wrote the statements announcing Wilson Wyatt's demise as housing administrator.

In the presidential group Clifford is something of a freak. Though he makes a studied use of profanity, he takes no part in the ribald prankery with which Military Aide Harry Vaughan helps enliven the White House day. He does not enjoy the old-crony status of Snyder or Jake Vardaman, or talk the President's political language as does Secretary Matt Connelly. About all he seems to have

in common with Mr. Truman is the same middle-road philosophy of government and a detailed knowledge of American history. Yet the two have become fast friends and mutual admirers. They lunch together two or three times a week, often in the White House basement restaurant. About once a week Clifford has dinner in the President's family dining room and frequently, though an ulcer keeps him from drinking, he takes part in late-afternoon or evening sessions when the President and his friends relax around a bottle of bourbon.



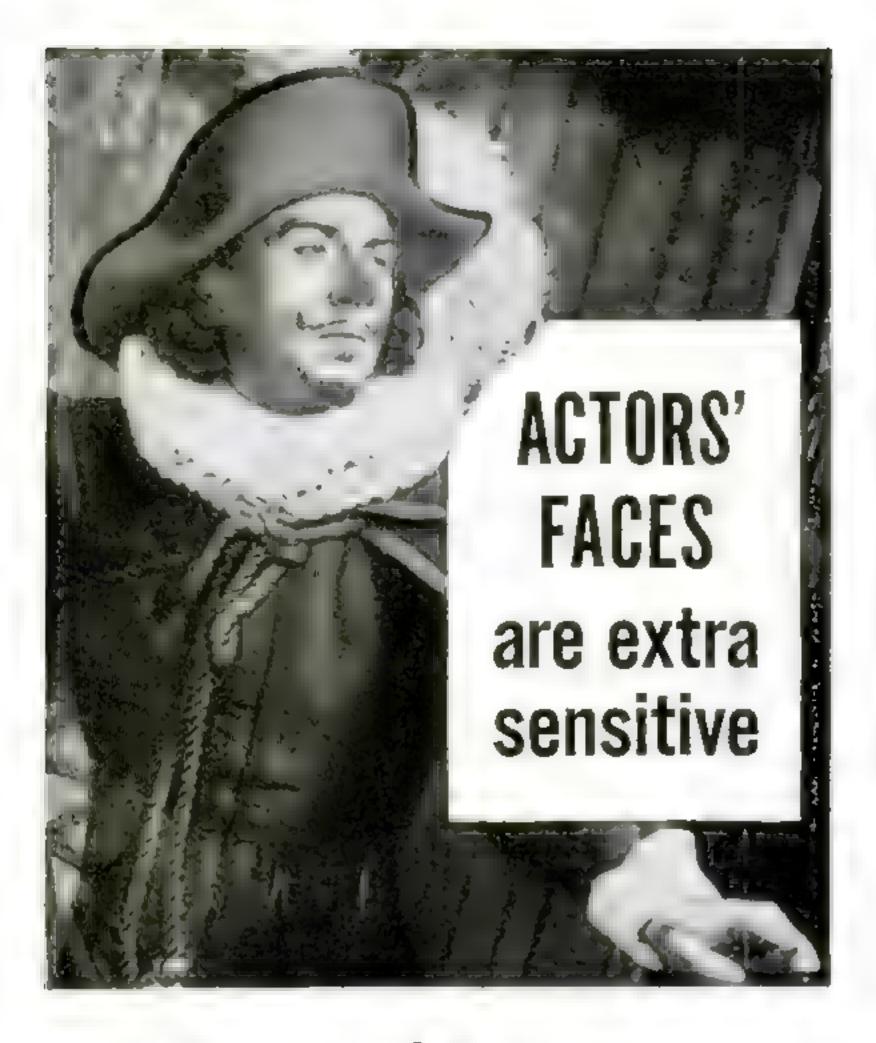
COLLEGE DAYS found Clifford noted as tennis player, glee-club singer.

In his rise to this position of influence, Clifford has naturally inspired a great deal of envy, first in St. Louis law circles, then in the Navy, where he rose from lieutenant j.g. to captain in 21 months, and finally in Washington. Among his detractors it is popular to say that he gets by on his looks. A large segment of the St. Louis legal profession, for example, believes to this day that he has his hair curled—a complete misapprehension and possibly the prettiest tribute ever paid to the beauticians' trade. The detractors are wrong. Clifford has an unusually quick and logical mind and a passion for self-improvement. He has always worked much harder than most men can drive themselves. In his present job he is no mere presidential whim but a solid and energetic administrator who may help Mr. Truman erase his early mistakes and become one of the best lame-duck presidents in history.

Yet it is undoubtedly true that Clifford's appearance has helped



Screenplay by John Howard Lawson · Additional Dialogue by Lionel Wiggam · Original Story by Dorothy Parker and Frank Cavett · Directed by Stuart Heisler · Produced by Walter Wanger A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL PICTURE



—that's why José Ferrer shaves with soothing WILLIAMS

Complete to the traditional false nose, José Ferrer's appearance in the title role of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is a make-up triumph. But such artistry has drawbacks. Mr. Ferrer explains: "Removing my stage make-up leaves my face sore. I can't take chances with irritating shaving creams so I always use Williams. It never stings or irritates."

Williams is so completely easy on the face because it's made with mildto-begin-with ingredients, carefully blended in precise amounts. Williams gives you the benefits of over 100 years' experience in manufacturing fine shaving preparations.

Smooth, Comfortable Shaves

Rich, heavy-lathering Williams soaks whiskers thoroughly soft. It lets you get a close, clean shave in comfort . . . leaves the face feeling smoother and softer, refreshed.

Treat your face to a tube of Williams today. If you prefer a brush-less shave, try the new Williams Brushless Cream.



RALPH RELLAMY, star of the Pulitzer Peize-winning comedy."State of the Union," says: "Taking off make-up after every performance leaves the face sensitive... but I can shave closely without soreness when I use Williams Shaving Cream. It doesn't sting or irritate."



NOTE - BRUSHLESS SHAVERS - Williams has the same luxurious shaving cream qualities in a new Williams Brushless Cream.



ON PRESIDENT'S YACHT last summer, Clifford joined the White House inner circle. John Snyder is second from the left, George Allen at far right.

CLIFFORD CONTINUED

him in one peculiar and important way. Since his profile made him a marked man from birth, he has acquired a self-confidence which drives him upward as relentlessly as a helium tank. He is almost completely oblivious of criticism or the possibility of failure. This quality, while it often infuriates men of greater humility, has helped him all through his career and is now one of his greatest assets. It enabled him to team with Interior Secretary Julius Krug and stand up against John L. Lewis-something that no other government official in recent history had dared to do -with no qualms whatever. Although many of the nation's corporation lawyers, despite their prejudice against Lewis, thought that the government's legal case against the mine union leader rested on shaky grounds, Clifford has never doubted for a moment that the government's brief would be upheld by the trial judge, the Appellate and Supreme Court and, if things ever came to such a pass, by the 12 disciples. During the crucial stages of the battle, when many outside observers feared that the government's impudence might be driving John Lewis to keep his miners out all year and when even some of the presidential advisers who helped plot the strategy were wavering, Clifford held the White House team together like an old coach daring anybody to intimidate his boys. When Lewis finally called off the strike, Clifford was moderately pleased but not a bit surprised.

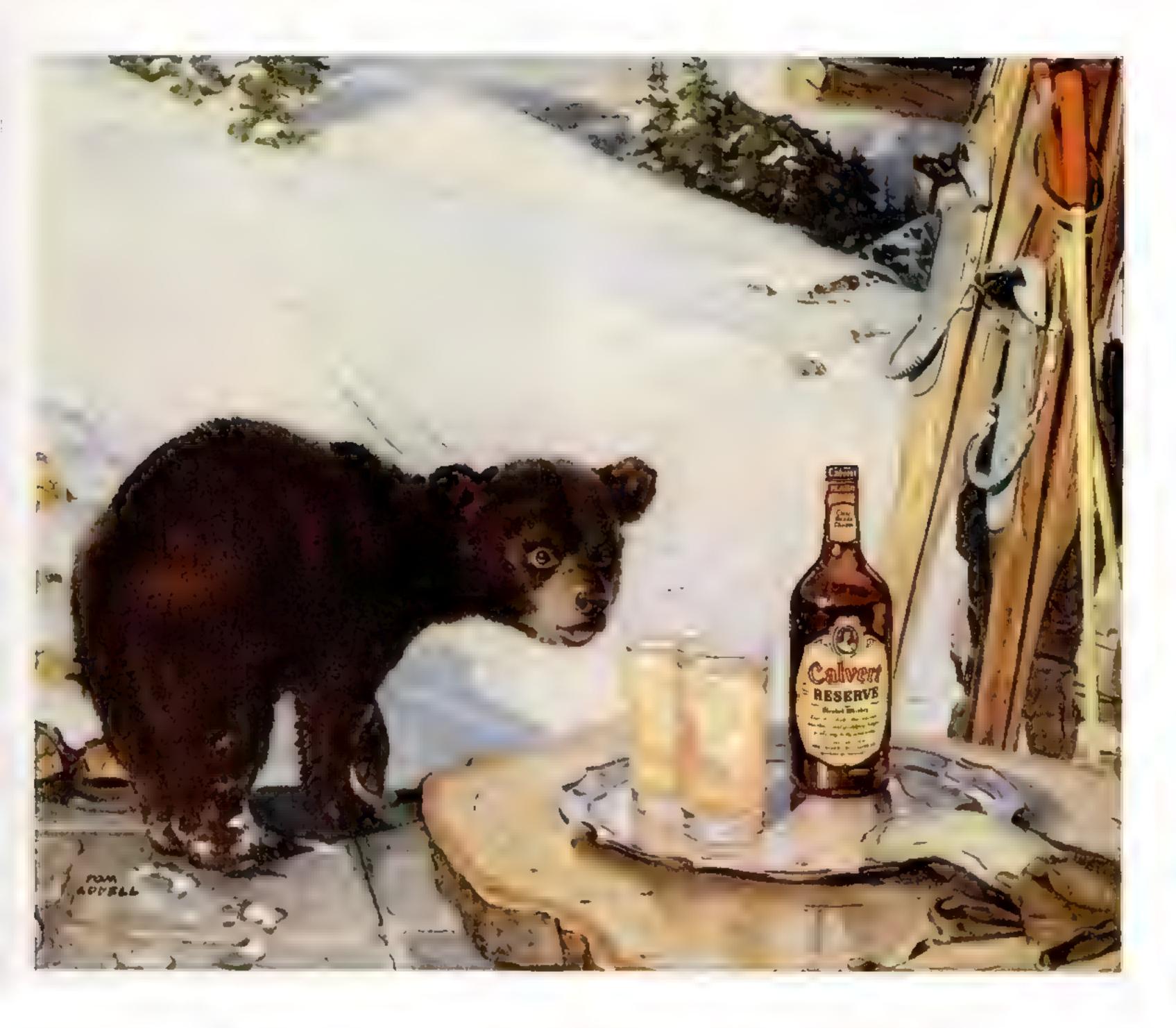
It helped to have the chips down

CLIFFORD grew up in the west end of St. Louis, which is the most fashionable. His father, now dead, was an auditor for the Missouri Pacific Railroad, his mother a lecturer and story-writer of considerable local fame. His uncle on his mother's side was the famed Clark McAdams, late great liberal editorial writer of the Post-Dispatch. Young Clark got out of high school a few days after his 17th birthday and then decided on the law. A middling student his first year, he moved up fast as his interest increased. In the state bar examinations, when the chips were really down, he ranked second among 350 applicants.

Although the law field was already crowded when Clifford got out of school in 1928, he managed to pester Jacob Lashly, a thriving downtown attorney who was later to become president of the American Bar Association, into granting him the job of cleaning up the office library and running errands—in return for telephone privileges and a salary of no dollars a week. From this lowly beginning, Clifford started to branch out by offering his services as public defender in the criminal courts. His manner of volunteering was not too apt—he told the judges, "If you ever have a defendant who can't afford a lawyer, I hope you'll call on me." The judges smiled at this ingenuous way of putting it but soon gave Clifford his first case.

The chent was a sullen individual accused of stealing an automobile. In fact he had been caught red-handed at the wheel of the stolen car, whose back seat bore a set of burglar tools which a veteran St. Louis detective was prepared to describe on the witness stand as "the most expert I ever saw." On the face of it the case looked hopeless. But Clifford chose to regard the trial as another Dreyfus incident. He spent a month sifting the facts for extenuating circumstances. He read, somewhat dreamily, the biographies of Clarence Darrow, Marshall Hall and John Philpot Curran, the famed defense attorneys.

As the trial progressed and he poked holes into the district attorney's arguments, he could see the jurymen's admiring glances.



"Hmm-more smart people making tracks for Calvert!"

The sensible trend's to Calvert! Sensible...

because it's the "whiskey of moderation"...blessed with friendly lightness...congenial taste...all-around whiskey agreeableness. We suggest you try it. Then you, too, will understand why...

Clear Heads Choose Calvert



How to cook fluff-up rice...

use Club Aluminum

You've wondered how some people put the snow-white fluffy tenderness in rice. Lady, you don't have to be a Chinese expert or know a deep-dyed secret to do it yourself. You just need a Club Aluminum saucepan and these simple directions:

Rinse rice in cold running water until water is clear. Then put it in your Club Aluminum saucepan. Add, net eceans of H₂O but just twice as much water as rice and a teaspoon of salt per cup of rice. Bring to a boil, then let cook for five minutes with heat very low. Turn off heat, leave on cover, and let stand for 35 minutes.

The "Full Flavor" principle of exoking in Club Aluminum Hammercraft Waterless Cookware is fine for other foods, too, as more than 3,000,000 women have already found.

Get it for more fun, flavor and form in food. Nine different pieces, all with that exclusive hammered "jewelry store" look.

And what a "natural" for gifts.

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D 1947 CAPCE

CLIFFORD CONTINUED

His final plea, though rehearsed for weeks, had a quality of impromptu sincerity which left them limp in their seats. As they filed out to start their deliberations, he sat back weary but flushed with success. He barely had time to mop his brow. The jury was back in 15 minutes. His client got 20 years.

The verdict was perhaps more shattering to Clifford, who did not have to serve the sentence, than to his client, who did. His next experiences were equally disillusioning; looking back at his first dozen trials he recalls, "I sent a steady stream of men to Jefferson City"—home of the Missouri penitentiary. Yet he stuck doggedly to his guns. In his last 10 cases as public defender he got half his

clients acquitted.

In his first six months as a lawyer Clifford earned \$30 gross. The next year, 1929, he was still doing so indifferently that he could afford to take the summer off, without appreciable financial sacrifice, and go to Europe. He returned just in time for the October stock-market crash, which threatened to make his first six months seem like the good old days. But even through the murk of the Great Depression, his reputation as a public defender finally got back to the law firm which had been granting him its begrudging shelter. When the firm had a case which called for all-out presentation in the courtroom, young Clifford began to get the job. Jacob Lashly was led to remark, "Juries find Clifford well-nigh irresistible." Washington University invited him to lecture its students on trial psychology. In 1938 the firm made him a partner.

On his 1929 trip to Europe, Clifford went excursioning on a Rhine steamer and ran into a party of a dozen American girls, mostly from Smith. He found four of them playing bridge, cut in and thus met a tall Massachussets girl named Margery Pepperell Kimball. He was more or less roughing it and wore a three-day growth of beard at the time. But Miss Kimball, who up to the moment had been chiefly dating a budding young bridge player named Oswald Jacoby, was impressed. For the rest of the summer Clifford pursued her through most of Europe, meeting her in Lucerne, Venice, Nice and Paris before the girls' tour ended. They were married in 1931, by which time Clifford's earnings had leaped to

\$175 a month, and have lived happily ever after.

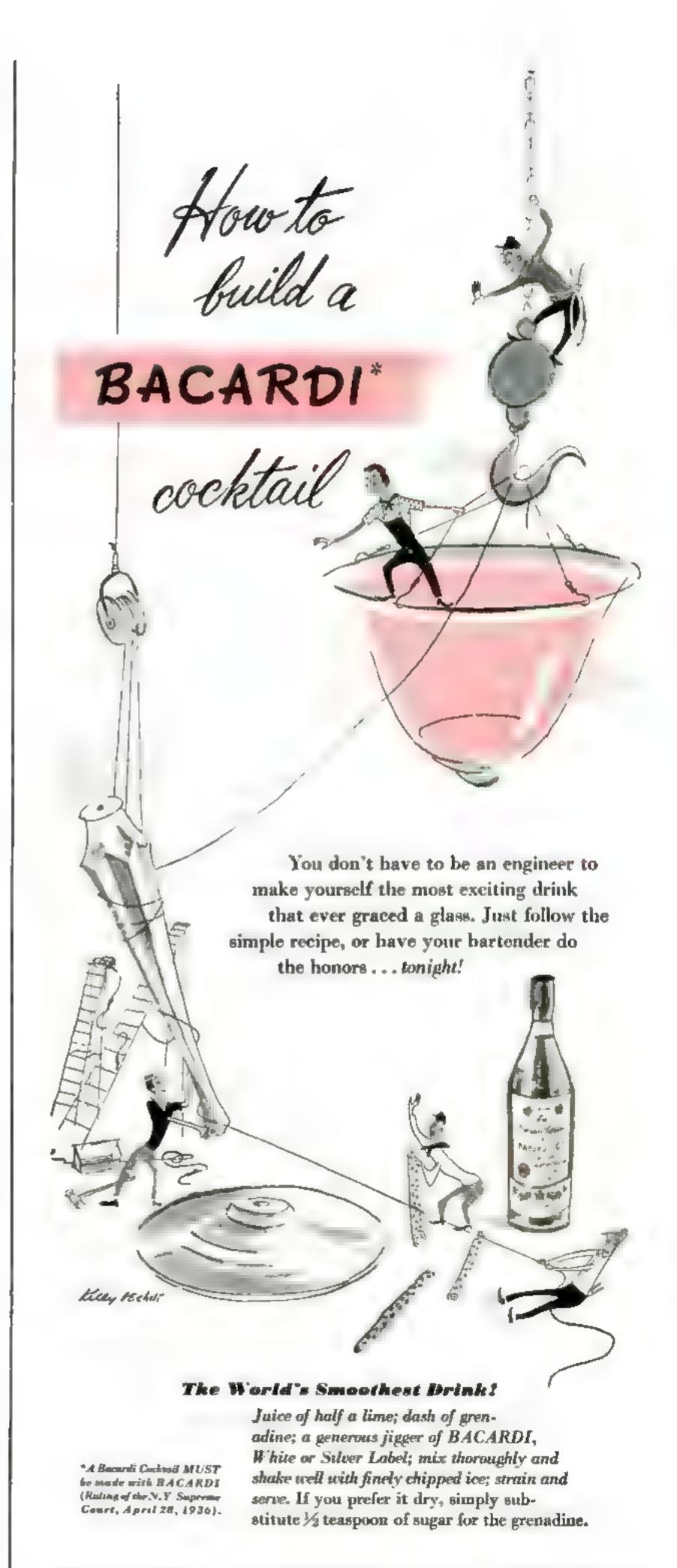
Saturday afternoons with Vardaman

Mrs. Clifford is the ideal wife for a man newly admitted to Washington's high places. Though she has three daughters aged 14, 13 and 6, she looks more like their sister than their mother. With the help of a single cleaning woman, she manages the rambling, 13-room house they have rented in Chevy Chase, gets the children off to school and does all the cooking. Thoroughly reconciled to Clifford's passion for success, she did not rebel, during the two-month period of work on the President's messages to Congress, when he spent every evening at the White House except Christmas Eve, Christmas night and New Year's Eve. When left on her own in this fashion Mrs. Clifford meets the family's social obligations singlehanded.

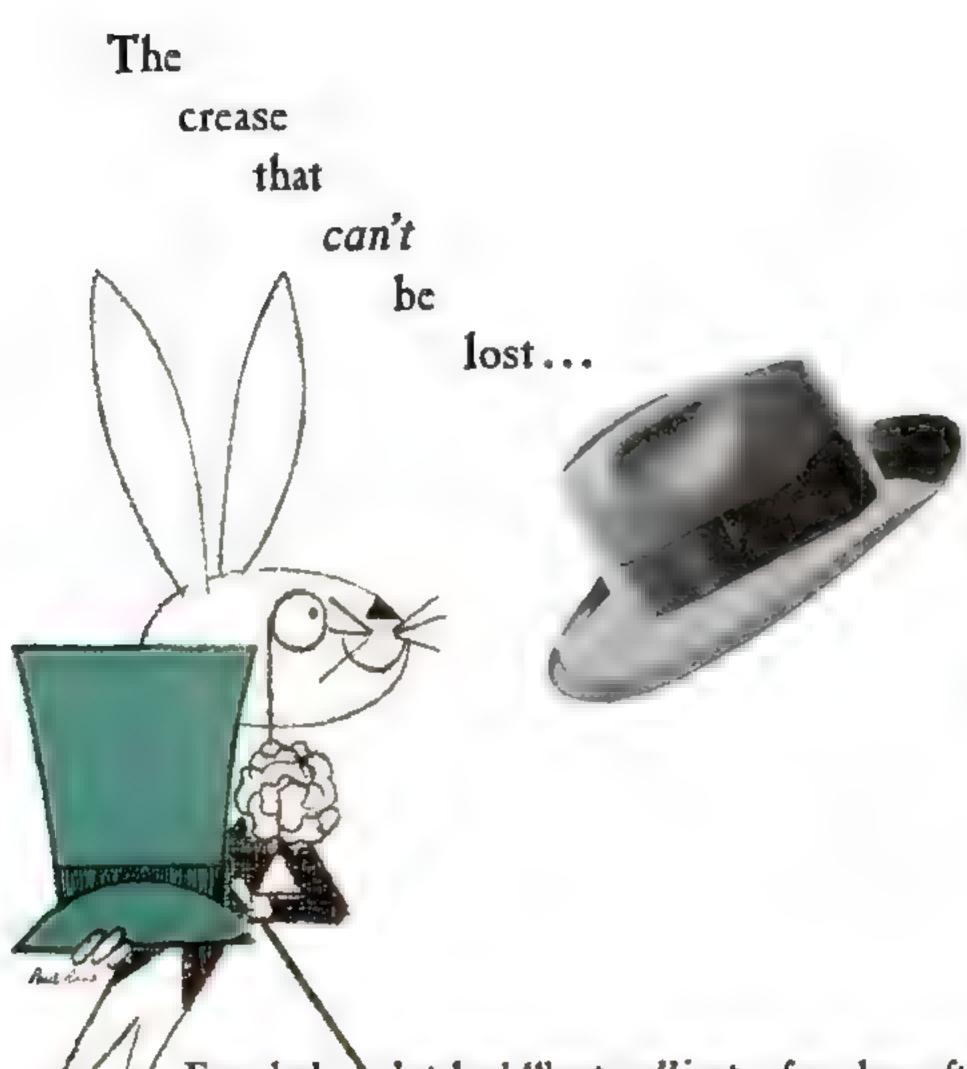
In the course of Chifford's rapid professional and social rise, he became a director of the St. Louis Symphony Society, and his wife president of the St. Louis Grand Opera Guild. In these musical circles they met Jake Vardaman, then receiver for a bankrupt shoe company. Soon they had a standing invitation to spend winter Saturday afternoons at Vardaman's farm, where a group of St. Louisans gathered to listen to the Metropolitan Opera broadcasts over a Capehart radio. Among the guests was John Snyder, then vice president of the First National Bank of St. Louis. Vardaman hired Clifford to represent him in shoe company legislation and later, when he joined the Navy, left all his affairs in Clifford's hands.

Clifford himself entered the Navy in early 1944, Though his quick dry-land advance through the officer grades has been the subject of considerable satire, actually he served with distinction. Almost immediately after being commissioned he was sent to the West Coast to investigate the various units responsible for getting supplies into the Pacific, which was about to become the Navy's chief theater. He spent two months on the Coast and returned to Washington with a thick report which told, in remarkably clear and logical terms, exactly what was wrong with the supply system and how it could be improved. After his report was submitted, Admiral Royal E. Ingersoll, who had been commander in chief of the U.S. Atlantic Fleet, was sent to San Francisco to straighten out the tangle. Naturally Admiral Ingersoll read Clifford's report and took him along. In the new setup Clifford played a key role, and Ingersoll would have been an ingrate had he not raised his assistant to heutenant commander as rapidly as possible.

In July of 1945 Clifford was called to Washington on Navy or-



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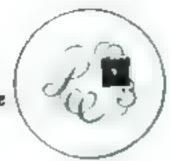


Ever had a hat look "beat up" just a few days after you first proudly wore it? A bump against the top of your car... a careless hat check girl's rough handling. With a Lee Pre-Shaped Hat, you needn't worry. A light touch of your fingertips... and presto! your Lee Pre-Shaped snaps right back. It has to. Because it is pre-creased for keeps by expert craftsmen at Lee... when the hat is made. Pre-Shaped... originated by Lee... another reason why Lee Hats look better longer.

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Tune in Drew Pearson and his "Predictions of Things to Come" every Sunday, coast to coast over the American Broadcasting Company's (Blue) Network

CLIFFORD CONTINUED

ders which came out of the blue. It turned out that his old friend Jake Vardaman, then become naval aide to Harry Truman, was about to accompany the President to Potsdam and needed a replacement during his five-week absence. Clifford entered the W hite House on this brief tour of duty and, as always, tried to make himself useful. At the moment Sam Rosenman, a Roosevelt holdover who was still writing Mr. Truman's speeches, was working on the universal military training message which was going to Congress in October. Clifford pitched in and helped, so successfully that his White House assignment became permanent, He first became assistant naval aide, with the rank of commander. Then, when Vardaman was moved to a governorship of the Federal Reserve Bank, he succeeded Vardaman as naval aide and became a captain. Last February, after Rosenman finally made good his threat to leave the government for private practice, Clifford got Rosenman's old job of counsel.

Clifford's first big job on his own hook was preparing the President's railway strike speech which threatened to draft the strikers into the Army. This speech is now recognized as a bad piece of improvisation under pressure. However, it did great things for President Truman. To his great relief the President had discovered an intelligent and articulate adviser who did not regard him as a pale carbon copy of Franklin Roosevelt, duty-bound to carry on the whole Roosevelt heritage. Mr. Truman had found an associate of his own type, with grave misgivings about the New Deal, who

had the courage of his convictions.

In the preparation of the President's messages to the new Congress, Clifford played a major part. It is significant that these messages, while they may never rank among the world's great documents, nevertheless established a basis on which Mr. Truman may be able to live with the Republican majority and the dissident elements of his own party with a certain amount of dignity and prestige. It is also significant that they found Mr. Truman, after his early misfortune of stepping on everybody's toes as he zigzagged from left to right, striding firmly down the middle. Like most presidential advisers and probably even like Mr. Truman himself, Clifford is said to be reconciled to going back to Missouri shortly after Jan. 3, 1949. In the meantime he is convinced that the President's Gallup popularity rating, which recently rebounded to 35% from its low of 32%, is going considerably higher, and he is dead set on helping its rise.



AT HOME Clifford poses with (from top) daughters Margery and Joyce, Mrs. Clifford, daughter Randall. Dog was a stray which has been adopted by family.



"I love you!" said Pete

"I like you, too!" said Ann



"Tell me more," said Pete.

"You look so nice, especially around the neck." "Ah," said Pete. "That is my Arrow Collar."

"And," said Ann, "you look very shipshape around the waist for being three years out of the Army. How come?"

"Oh -- that?" said Pete. "That is the Arrow special 'Mitoga' design. It is cut to follow the body's lines. I love you, Ann!"

"That's nice," said Ann warmly. "But won't the shirt shrink up and choke you and give you the creepers?"

"By no means, pretty child," said

Pete."There's a label—the er-Sanforized label. It assures Arrow wearers of no fabric shrinkage over 1%. Now kiss me, and I shall tell you more fascinating secrets!"

"I am very sorry, dear," said Ann, revealing woman's ancient perfidy. "But I am marrying Bul, and I want him to

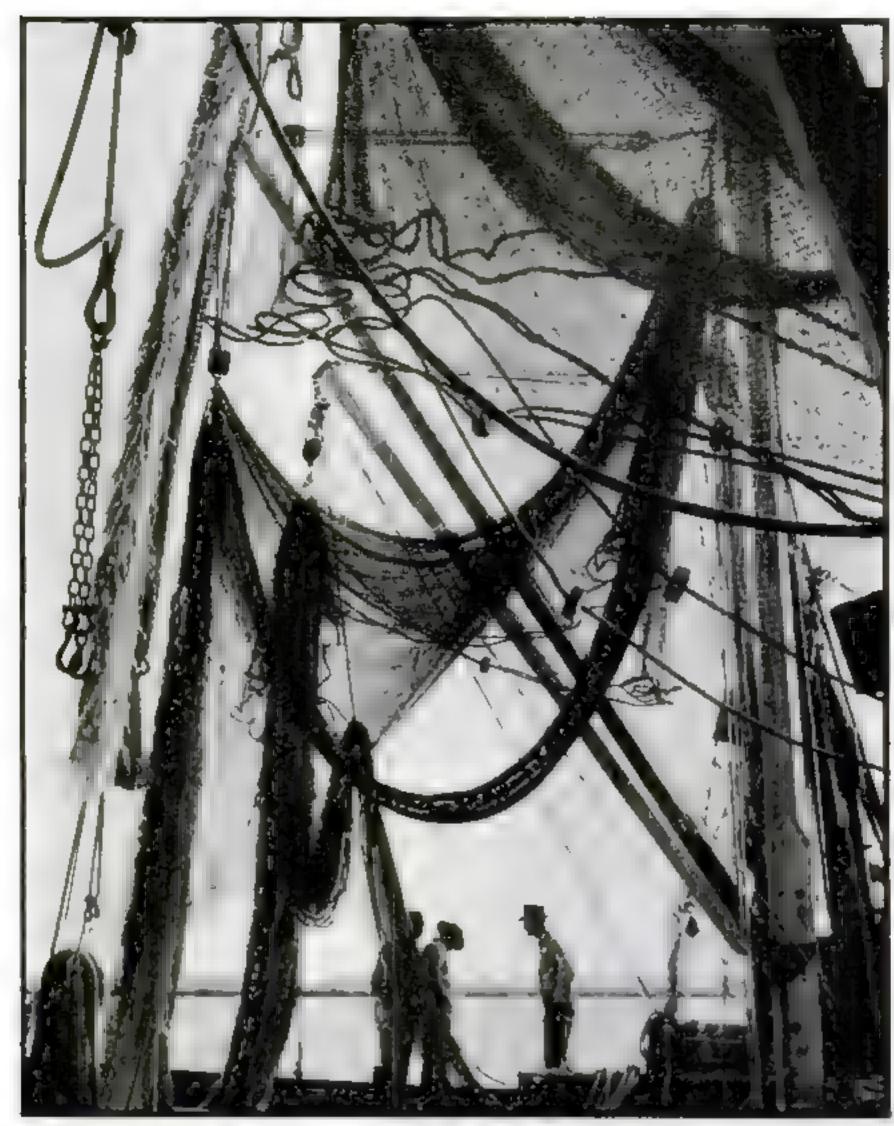


look just as nice as you do. He shall wear nothing but Arrows!"

P. S. Tough, Pete. But remember—where there's an Arrow, can a girl be far behind? Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

ARROW SHIRTS

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GEORGIA FISHERMEN, LIKE ALL ON THE COAST, ARE DWARFED BY GIANT NETS

The Atlantic Coast In midwinter it has the beauty of all seasons

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR LIFE BY ELIGT ELISOFON

U.S. shoreline, inlet and island beach, from the 45th parallel almost to the 24th, can best be observed in winter. Then the mists roll in over New England, turning the colors of land and water to a cold and lonely pastel. Calais, Maine, at the northern tip of the U.S., is white with snow, and winter storms break over the rocks in a crash of icy spray. Off Cape Cod's Race Point (opposite page), far out from the mainland, the setting sun filters through a gray-blue fog. A battered fence, erected to keep the sand from blowing away, stands as a fragile harrier against January gales. The shore is barren of human life, and across the slate-gray seas a stray ship is sulhouetted against the faint and distant sun. The Cape lies frozen and dormant, awaiting spring. Southward from New England the coastline curves and twists in a

pattern of endless profusion. By turns the sea is gray, green and blue. The land along the water varies from bleak rock promontory to shifting sand dunes and low-lying marshes. New York's great harbor bustles with the nervous darting of tugs and the stately sweep of ocean liners. The big bays, Delaware and Chesapeake, lie calm and shallow, reflecting a leaden sky. Then, still farther to the south, the sun comes closer and the colors brighten. Off Georgia the fishermen, under their acres of nets (above), head to sea. Winter flowers bloom along the coast and the trees hang heavy with Spanish moss. In Florida the air is balmy, the water sparkles and the sun beats down on beaches flowing with crowds. The Atlantic Coast stretches through such an endless range of landscape and weather that in January it has the beauty of all the seasons of the year.





MARTHA'S VINEYARD, an island five nules south of Cape Cod, is a busy resort by summer, a lonely scallop-

fishing ground by winter. On the bitter cold day when this picture was taken, sea spray had frozen on the pilings

in foreground and breakwater at left. The bunker light at center rear marks entrance to the island's best harbor,

Its north has a rich variety

The northern part of the coastline, from Maure to Delaware Bay, contains all the rich variety of design that nature has been at le to create from water, land and rock. In these pictures the cotors have taken on some of the subdued but magnificent leneliness of writers grip on the northern ceast. But the geometrical pattern ranges from the raw surf

and the white chunks of ice at Martha's Vinevard (thore) to the calm that beaches of Delaware (opposite page, latter right).

New Fugland, where the rocky landscape has been erested through the centuries into fantastic snapes of hill and valley, has a coast of deep inlets, long and rocky points and innumerable islands.



RYE HARBOR, N. H. is bordered by marshy flass on which a thick carpet of marsh grass grows bright green in

so minor, turns to golden ruset in wir ter. The prings are remains at an old toother lige once used by clan. liggers.



NEW YORK, as if excase a trace fraction termed when mouth of Hudsen River sank and ocean flow it ever it.



long, irregular coastline, is dotted by lobster houses like

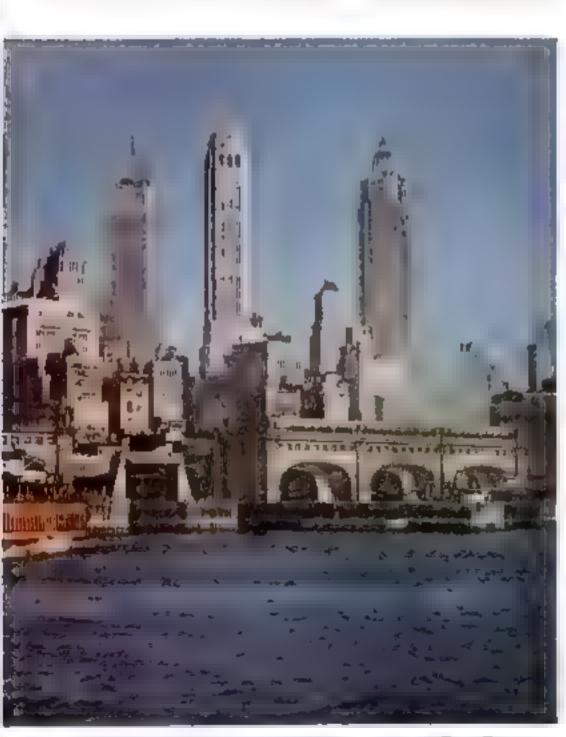
herring they use for boit. Lobster traps are piled up at

to mark location of traps when they are set out at sea.

which were the mountains of another geological era. Mame's island of Vinalhaven (above) is eight miles long and five miles wide, yet it is so deeply cut and scalloped by the waves that nowhere on its soil can a man be more than a half mile from the water. Like many New Englanders whose homes border the coastline, most of its 1,800 inhabitants live by fishing and catching lobsters—even in winter months when lobsters can only be found 12 miles out and 40 fathoms down, and pulling up the traps involves the danger of frozen hands.

Sometimes the rocky coast of New England gives way to low-lying marshlands like Rye Harbor (opposite page, lower left), where clams can be found and

grass blankets the shore like a great fur robe. Below New England, where the glaciers halted, lies the immense harbor which nature created at New York and which man has bordered with the most famous skyline in the world. Still farther south lies placid Delaware Bay with its gently sloping shore and water as shallow and clear as a wading pool.



From harbor, ships can go up Hudson and East Rivers to pier space which lines both sides of Manhattan Island.



DEWEY BEACH, Del. hes near one of the big bays formed many centuries ago when the land along eastern

seaboard dropped and the ocean flowed into the valleys of old coastal rivers. The water here is shallow and quiet.



STRUGGLE OF LAND AND SEA, which goes on eternally along the coast, has been bitterly fought on Hog Island, Va. Less than two decades ago this lighthouse

180 teet tall was note than a mile from the shoreline. The houses at right were the neat and substantial residences of the lighthouse keepers. Now ocean winds have blown



away the sandy beach. Storm tides have backed away at the shoreline, swept across the island and left it a flat wasteland littered with the skeletons of dead trees. When a heavy

tide is running, water covers this entire desolate stretch of land and swirls menacingly around the lighthouse base. Eventually the ocean will win and the island will disappear.



mains of a proud three-master beach. Laborator

somerations seed place to sook water

The ship is and Scene is the Richard of the Atlanta Countries of the Count

Its south lies flat and sunny

HATTERAS RANKS are a long, parrow ref who extends for 50 miles along the North Caronic, coast

Moving seath from Delivere Bay the coast me trees on a panel appearance where you it can regard being has it means toward the successful construct baseful these is the region of breed, and baseful of ovstars had slamp But mans a smorth shed by a pertarent has constructed by a pe

and the selection of the contract of the

Truest of the roots are the Haters Barks (1992), part it common was istroteness the length to North Carolina to Off Cape Hatterns, caser i nost part of the root as the Diameted Smoals, most free largers at the care of section in the larger in the case in the larger in the

the wind they does not believe the degrees to





SPANISH MOSS hangs from live oak trees in great contrasting strands against the blue water at Beaufort,

S.C. In this old farming and fishing town, established in 1521 by Spanish explorers, the coastal landscape is

lush and colorful even in midwinter. The sun shines almost every day and flowers bloom the year round.

safety devices, local wags used to say that "the chtef importation of the Hatterns is shipwrecks." At one time the reef was abve with herds of wild ponics which had escaped from Portuguese ships beached in the shallows, and even today the bleached bones of old sailing vessels topposite page, upper left) still tell the stories of the old bazards.

MIAMI BEACH, with its palm trees, white sand and gentle surf—and its expensive hotels and restaurants—

The land along the southern coast is flat and often swampy. Toward the extreme south the damp soil and the year-round sunshine produce an unending profusion of oleander, hibiscus and Spanish moss (above). Florida, which was raised from the bottom of the sea by a relatively recent upheaval of the earth, has the flattest terrain of all.

is the most famous of all East Coast winter resorts. Near the southern up of the Florida peninsula, which

Its smooth plains are dotted with lakes, lagoons, wide beaches and, just off the coast, the great expanse of marshy wilderness called the Everglades On this pennisula have been built the lag winter resorts like Miami Beach (below), where the nation's vacationers can bask in a hot sun at a time when the temperature on the Maine shore is below zero

is washed on all sides by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, the winter temperature averages about 70°.





JUPITER LIGHT, 80 miles north of Miami, is well known to coastwise sailors because southbound ships have to stand in close to the shore at this point to avoid the

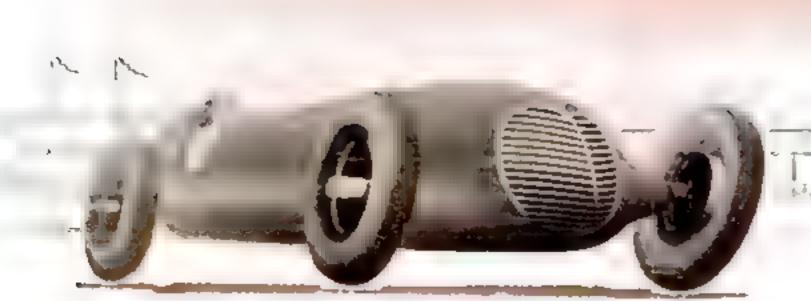
powerful northward sweep of the Gulf Stream. Its red brick tower was finished in 1859 and has cast its light ever since except during four years of the Civil War.



ALL ALONG THE COAST the land is dotted with lighthouses. Each is identified by its own color and markings which sailors know well. At night they can be distinguished by timing and duration of their light flashes. Most famous of the towers shown here is Portland Head first built in George Washington saliministration.

Dependable Market Marke





The reason why Champion is America's favorite spark plug is because of better performance and greater dependability. Proof of this is in the continuing use of Champions by those who seek and win championship events. A current outstanding example is the 1946 AAA National Championship won by Ted Horn, master mechanic, master race driver.

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THIS DEFT CHOREOGRAPHIC SCRIMMAGE, GLOCKWISE: NORA KAYE, JOHN KRIZA, JERRY ROBBINS

BALLET TRIANGLE

"Facsimile" grapples with problems of both frustration and insecurity

This year fashions in art will be subjective, with an accent on upswept hbidos and streamlined abstraction. The trend has affected the most fashionable team of U.S. ballet makers, Choreographer Jerome Robbins, Composer Leonard Bernstein and Designer Oliver Smith (Fancy Free, On the Town). Their new ballet Facsimile grapples with abstract psychological ideas, portraying moods of passion, jealousy and boredom that attack three sparsely garbed "insecure people" who are trying

to assuage their insecurities by participating in a love triangle. The grappling produced a moment (above) which looked more like what went on in a wrestling ring than on a ballet stage.

Facsimile's inner meaning threw critics into a flurry of pompous explanation. Its outer meaning. which involves the cavorting of young people and some prolonged choreographic kissing (see next page), has made Facsimile a popular offering of the Ballet Theatre, now on a coast-to-coast tour.



BIG KISSING SCENE in Facsanale, as performed here by Nora Kave and Jerry Robbins, runs from a diffident peck on nape (top h/t) through hip-pressures on neck,

knee too hand and lips. The kas at bottom right was rut out in Boston because the city censors of jected. But it was put has k in the pallet for the rest of the tour



"and be sure to get a WEAR-EVER ... the one with the Snap-tite cover..."





and then, too, even if the hd-lock is unhooked, this cover can't come off while pressure's on. The youngest bride will find it easy to pressure-cook foods the Wear-Ever way. Vegetables stay dewy-fresh, meat comes out temptingly tender and juicy! Does it save TLME? Why, it reaches temperature fast, then cooks, f'r'instance, peas in 15 seconds!

Made of the metal that cooks best . . . easy to clean

WEAR.EVER





with such a simple design, the Wear-Ever's so easy to use! The temperature control has no adjustments, no moving parts. If you accidentally drop it, never mind! It won't break. This cooker saves pin-money for extras, too, by cutting food and fuel costs. Better get yours today—the demand's enormous!

Keep aluminum gleaming the easy way, Use Wear-Ever Cleanser Pads. At all stares,

PRESSURE COOKER



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WILD-EYED BULLOCKS TRYING TO CROSS AN AUSTRALIAN RIVER MILL AROUND IN THE SWIFT

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Overlanders

An Australian film employs mostly amateur actors and 1,500 cattle

The Overlanders is probably the first and certainly the most successful firm ever made in which the principal protagonist is a lunging, bawling 1,500head herd of bullocks. The story is based on an actual event—the incredibly difficult movement of 15 000 cattle across some 1,500 rugged miles of rorthern Australia in 1942, when a Japanese invasion seemed inevitable. In documentary fashion the film re-enacts a segment of this mass migration, one of the greatest in history. It shows how a tiny band of Australians overcame crocodile-infested rivers, desert, mountains, dust storms and stampedes to get the cattle to the railliead in Queensland.

To make his story authentic, British Director Harry Watt, well known for his wartime documen-

tary Target for Tonight, bought 1,500 head of rambunctions Australian steers, missted that most of his partly amateur cast, including what must be Australia's handsomest girl (Dapline Campbell), be able to swim, ride and handle a stock whip. In the strange wild outback, 2,000 miles from Svdnev the company spent five months on location, got supplies by air and ran into all kinds of trouble. Dust obscured camera lenses. Temperamental steers kept putting on unscheduled stampedes, and flies were so thick that actors had to be sprayed before each scene. By the time the picture was finished, Director Watt had spent \$300,000, an Australian film record, and was wondering where he ever got the courage to tackle it in the first place.



HEROINE DAPHNE CAMPBELL, a nursing orderly in Australian hospital, had never acted before



to the rescue with SITROUX!

THE BOX WITH THE BOW ON TOP

SITROUX TISSUES

BESTFORM ~ GIRDLES. BRAS. ALBONOMES

"The Overlanders" CONTINUED



THE LONG TREK STARTS. The drive was undertaken to deprive the expected Japanese invaders of a big meat supply and preserve it for Australians.



THE FIRST MAJOR OBSTACLE is a swift river full of crocodiles. On the stream's bank, the party pauses to figure out the best way to get steers across.



SQUATTING ON THE GROUND, Chips Rafferty, the hand's tough leader, traces out the route he expects to follow in getting higherd to Queensland.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 12



ITS TUMBLE-ACTION SUDSING! Clothes are tumbled through the liveliest suds hundreds of times—washing through fabrics so thoroughly that even heavy dirt doesn't have a chance. No agitator—no paddles—no suction! Nothing to pull, snag or grind delicate fabrics. That's why the Bendix washes everything from mud-stained denims to trousseau treasures so clean, so gently!

NO DIRTY WATER WASHING! Of course you wouldn't start a wash with dirty water. And, it stands to reason, you can't get clothes as clean when second and even third loads go through soil-weakened suds and chilled-off water. Every load gets a fresh, clean water sudsing in the Bendix—and clothes never get that dull, gray, dirty water look.

THE RINSING CHAMPION! The Bendix rinses three

BENDIX HOME APPLIANCES, INC.

times—with fresh, warm water. First the Bendix shower rinses away sod-laden auds. Then come two deep rinses—tumbling clothes hundreds of times through two more automatic changes of clean, fresh water. What a cure for washday gray and soddulled colors.

SAVE A LOT OF HOT WATER! The water saver cylinder does just that for you. It's so efficient...it uses only 7½ gallons of hot water for the big 9 pound Bendix load—only about 6 gallons more (depending upon temperature of hot and cold water) for all three rinses. And, with less water in the cylinder, you need less soap for good, brisk cleansing suds.

LABORATORY TISTS have proved it time after time —and half a million Bendix owners prove it over

SOUTH REND 24 INDIANA

and over, with every washing. Only the Bendix tumble-action principle washes clothes so clean, so gently—with so little hot water and soap. Only the Bendix has a nine-year record for wonderful, workless washing. See your dealer's Bendix demonstration.



Coming Scon: Bendix Automatic Dryer Bendix Automatic Iroger



BENDIX automatic Home Laundry

Good Housekeeping

AVAILABLE IN CANADA AND MEXICO



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"The Overlanders" CONTINUED



PLODDING THROUGH DUST which is kicked up by cattle and continually chokes trail, Daphne Campbell cracks her stock whip like an old hand.



LOVE-MAKING, which is reduced to a minimum in the film, is indulged in by Daphne and a handsome drover. It is interrupted when the herd stampedes.



NEAR THE GOAL, Daphne greets plane which brings a veterinarian to inspect cattle. After reaching Queensland, drovers go back for another herd.



Slow "flavor-aging" gives time for taste to triumph

You know the crisp juiciness and tempting tang of apples ripened slowly on the tree.

Slow "flavor-aging"—blending rich Jamaica ginger and other choice ingredients and aging them for months—endows Clicquot Club, the quality Ginger Ale, with the luscious full-bodied flavor which has been a favorite for more than 50 years.

Clicquot Club
the "flavor-aged" ginger ale



Easy does it



Fit for a king ... chicken, mushrooms, and pimiento for shortcake; cranberry jelly; vegetable juice; crackers; string beans, mincemest for tarts; coffee . . . and they all come to you in case.

Meals Mere Men Can Make

With so many fine foods in cans to choose from, plus the agreeable fact that canned foods are so simple to prepare

and serve—you can turn even a husband loose in the kitchen and expect a feast! He just can't go wrong in preparing a meal to be proud of —a most economical and nutritious meal—around canned foods.



Science Knows Best

Right from the beginning, foods chosen for canning are pampered and fussed over. Many modern canneries actually oversee the growing and harvesting of the fruits and vegetables which they can. Foods packed in cans

> come to you at the very peak of their goodness, for each can itself is actually a miniature "pressure cooker" which protects flavor, minerals, and vitamins.

Short Cut to Chicken Shortcake

Prepare cream sauce, add canned chicken. Heat through and pour over shortcake. Garnish with canned pimiento and mushrooms. Easy does it! And what a dish to serve proudly—good-looking, good-tasting, and good for you! Yes, canned foods do make meal planning seem like fun.



FOODS YOU BUY IN CANS ARE

SAFE from dirt, germs, odors.

SAFE from air, light, moisture.

SAFE even after a can is opened —because in the canning process, both the can and its contents are sterilized. Simply cover the top and place in the refrigerator.

BECAUSE

No other Container protects like the Can

CAN MANUFACTURERS INSTITUTE, INC., NEW YORK



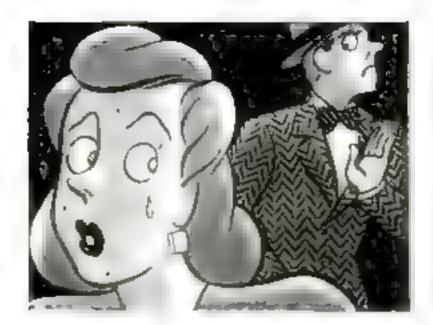
"SUSE" SWEATERS

Hollywood stars like them for their distracting, zany designs

Six years ago Susan Dannenberg of Los Angeles, who liked sweaters but did not have a sweater figure, knitted some for herself while waiting for a broken leg to mend. She decorated them with bleeding hearts, poodles, flowers and pink elephants with the idea of attracting more attention to the sweater and less to the shape of the wearer. The scheme, worked so well that she made some for her friends, then began selling a few. Some of her best customers

were Hollywood women like "Slim" Hawks (LIFE, Jan. 20), Esther Williams, Barbara Stanwyck, Jennifer Jones.

By now "Suse" (pronounced Susy) sweaters are sold all over the country. They are hand-made, by 20 knitters and three girls who do nothing but cut out the zany appliques. Some are further decorated with beads and splashy fake jewels. The effect is extravagant and so is the price, from \$50 to \$70.



Mary isn't merry any more

You won't have to look twice to know why. Blackheads are no date-getters. They sure get you down—and out of the inner set. Yet, most times only improper cleansing is the cause. Here's how the hep folks fix the situation:

Spread on a little Pompeian Milk Massage Cream. Massage vigorously. That clean-looking pink cream becomes an oily dirt-grey. It removes the surface accumulation of oily dirt from pore orifices, and aids in the mechanical removal of blackheads and similar skin blemishes . . . leaving your skin glowing with life and color . . . radiantly clean.

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Hair waves can be softer, last longer. Hair need not be dry, brittle or unmanageable. A shampoo made with three selected oils is the answer.

It's called Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo.

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Just enough castor and coconut oils are present to give you a quick foam . . . a quick, filmless russ. Remember, Laco Genuine Castile Shampoo does not dry out your hair or scalp.

Know real hair beauty . . . get Laco Genune Castile Shampoo . . . at drug and toiletry counters everywhere. Laco Products Inc., Baltimore 24, Md.





"BUZZING BEES" is an evening sweater with honey-colored felt bees dotted with gold beads. Skirts to match sweaters are a recent "Suse" innovation.



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Such quick, soothing relief from coughs, throat irritations, huskiness of colds or smoking with Vicks Medicated Cough Drops!...because they're really medicated with throat-soothing ingredients of Vicks VapoRub. Try 'em!











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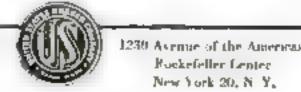
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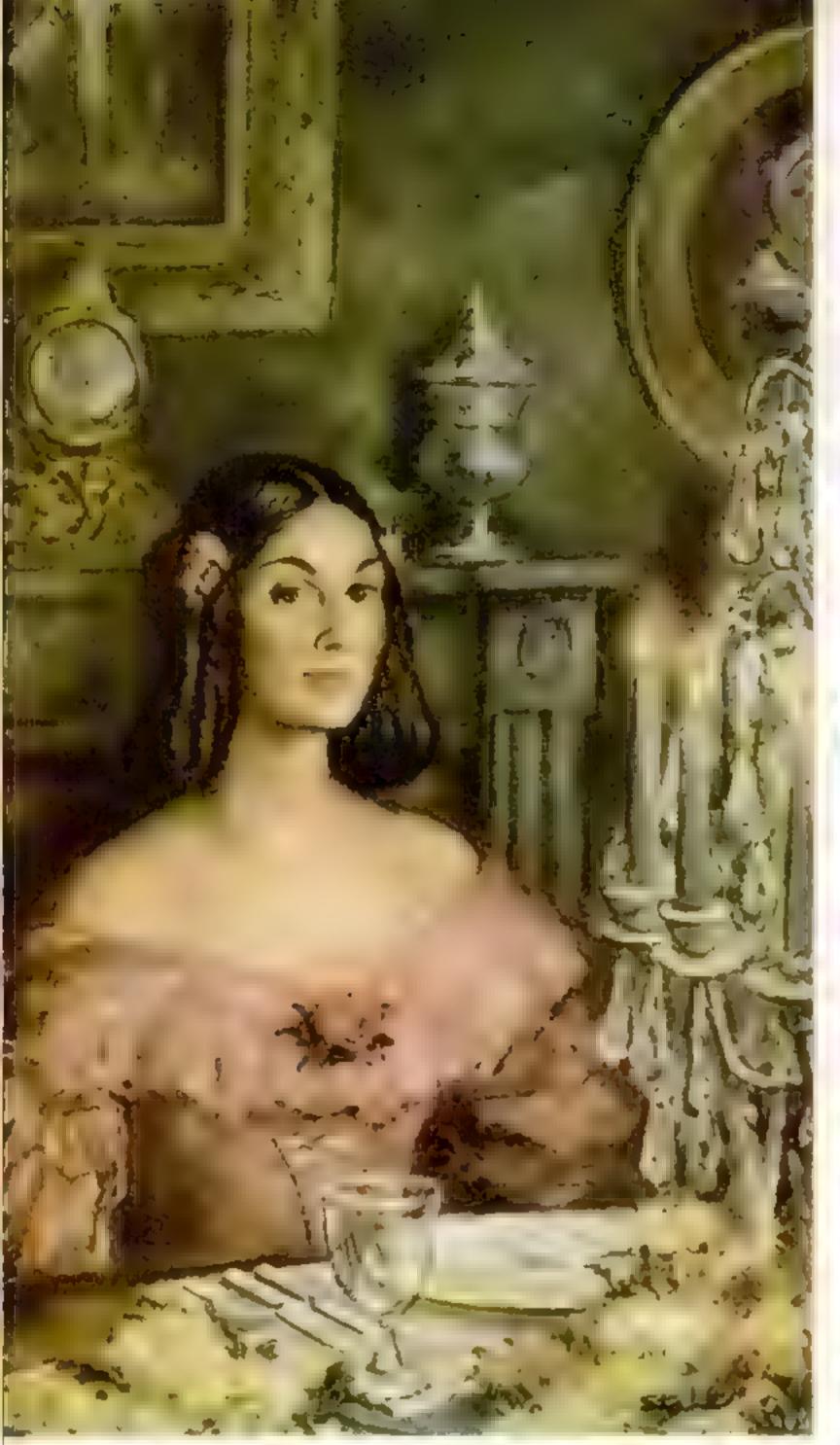
your driving—a new sense of effortless handling, superb control, instant response to your touch on wheel or brake.

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TUNE H THE ADVENTURES OF DIZE AND HARP ET BUNDAY BY M E & T OVER CBS





RADIATION SICKNESS

Laboratory rats save lives of atomic energy workers

When the making of an atomic bomb was proposed in 1940, many scientists thought the whole idea was impossibly dangerous. So much radioactive materia, would have to be handle I that workers would inevitably develop the terrible sickness caused by its ravisable radiations. These pictures show the kind of research which made the plants of the Mar nattan District even safer than the average of U.S. industry. They were made by Life's F. W. Goro in Canton Laboratories at Oak Ringe, where studies in the effects of radiation are still in progress under the direction of the Monsanto Chemical Co.

Radiation has a special meaning at Clinton. It is not everything that radiates (e.g., light) but only rays and fragments given off by the disintegration of atoms. Ramoactive elements like uranium manufacture radiation steadily for as long as four billion years. The explosion of an atomic bomb sends out a mighty blast of it for a few millionths of a second. How these tiny projectiles sicken or kill living things is imperfectly understood. One question is whether they work directly by breaking down tissues or indirectly by causing them to release deadly toxins in the body fluids. The Siamese rats on this page are one approach to the problem. Two rats are sewed together and one of them is exposed to radiation. If only the exposed rat is affected, the experimenters may assume that the radiation works directly. If both are affected, it works indirectly through toxins. The result; still inconclusive because of other factors involved. By such experiments Clinton hopes to find 1) better radiation safeguards, 2) what atomic bombs can do to people and 3) fundamental information to help solve biological mysteries like cancer.



SIAMESE RATS are prepared for radiation experiment. Rat at the right is placed inside a heavy lead hox for protection while the other rat is exposed to radiation source.



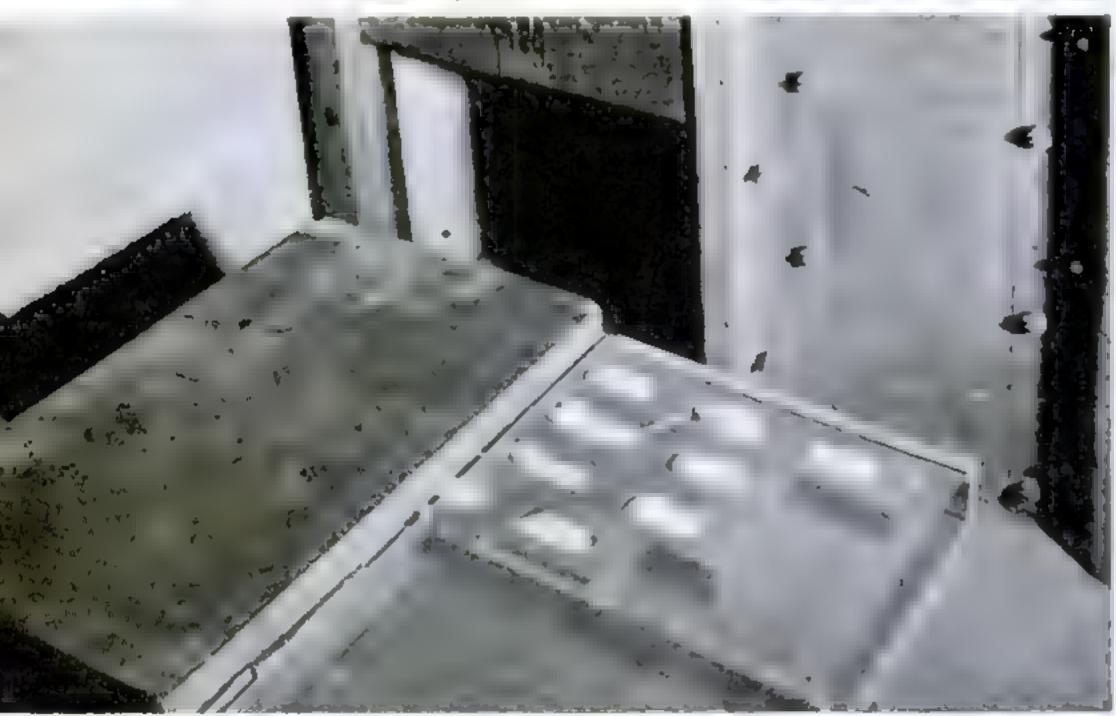
safe to expose a mone in the cage at left to slightly penetrating beta radiation. Impregnated wan phospho-

rus which is then made artificially rad, sactive by placing it inside the Oak Ridge atomic pile the box is set over the cage to give the mouse an even dose of radiation.



CONVEYOR BELT of cages slowly pulls rats through a tiny tunnel where they are exposed to beta radiation. The inside of the tunnel is lined with a plastic outlains.

ingartificially radioactive phosphor is like the bix-hown at top of page. Outside of the tunnel is made of lead to shield of serving laboratory workers from the radiation.



LEAD CART is loaded with anesthetized mice which are to be put inside atomic pile itself. Behind its heavy concrete shields the pile manufactures a blizzard of ra-

diation. When the mice are completely shielded by lead nearly all radiations except neutrons are filtered out. The researchers then can study effects of neutrons alone.



RADIATIONS which do not penetrate deeply are 1) alpha and 2) beta particles, 3) ultraviolet. Penetrating radiations are 4) X-rays, 5) gamma rays, 6) neutrons

RATS AND MICE ARE GIVEN TWO KINDS OF RADIATION

There are two general kinds of radiation used by the Oak Ridge researchers for their experiments in the nature of radiation sickness. One kind can go right through the body of a rat or a man. The effect of a single massive dose is nausea, loss of white blood cells, internal bleeding and, after about a week, death. The other kind of radiation cannot penetrate the skin but causes strange burns. Both kinds have different effects in smaller doses. If a rat survives exposure to penetrating radiation, it recovers after a time. But in a year deep-seated organic damage sometimes becomes apparent. Leukemia, a wild overpro luction of white blood cells, occurs and internal organs waste away. Small doses of nonpenetrating radiation have similarly delayed effects. A year or more after they have been exposed some experimental animals go blind and develop tumors (see p. 84). Whether all these things can happen to humans is still not known. Last week the Allied Public Health Section in Tokyo announced that the survivers of the atomic hombings of Japan had recovered from all of their or ginal injuries. But many scientists think that people, like rats, may show d laved effects years after exposure to radiation



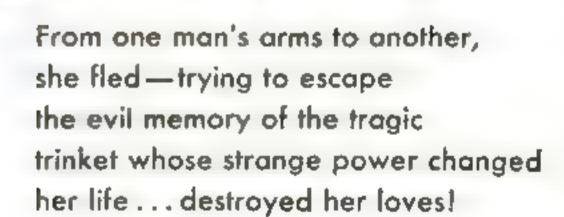
DIRECTOR of Choton Laboratories' animal experiments, Dr. Paul S. Henshaw, inspects sick rats. He has recently returned from trip to Hiroshima and Nagasaki



her in their arms!



LARAINE DAY BRIAN AHERNE ROBERT MITCHUM GENE RAYMOND in



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Produced by BERT GRANET " Directed by JOHN BRAHM * Written by SHERIDAN GIBNEY



Radiation Sickness communed



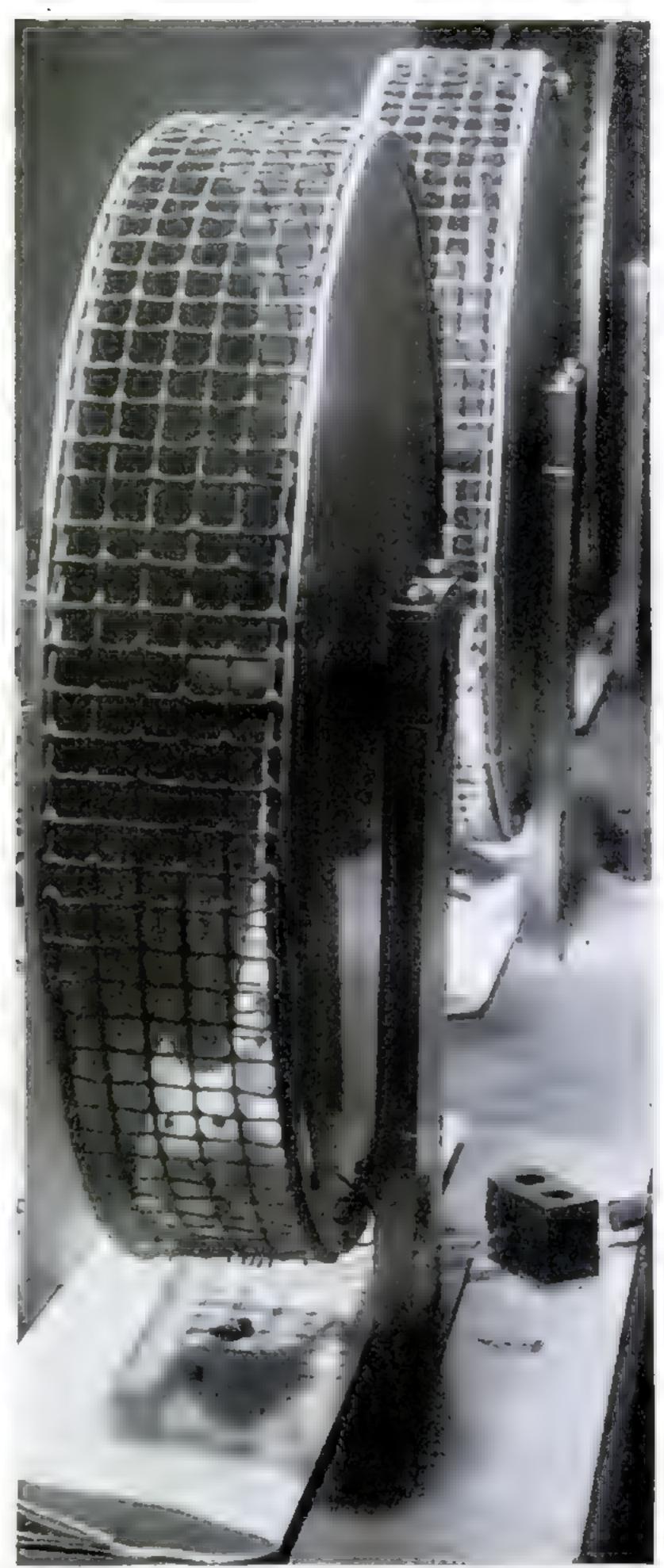
DYING RAT is in a come four days after receiving a massive dose of penetrating gamma rays. Autopsy showed rat's liver and spleen had wasted away to a third of normal size and thymus and lymph glands were practically destroyed.



STUNTED RAT at left was exposed to dose of beta radiation shortly after birth. The effect on growth may be estimated by size of the rat at right, which was born in the same litter. Exposed rat is also half-blind and almost hairless.



CANCEROUS RAT has developed festering tumors more than a year after being exposed to a massive dose of beta radiation. Rat suffered burns after it had been exposed, recovered and lived in apparent health until tumors developed.



TREADMILL determines how exposure to radiation affects the physical endurance of a mouse. A jet of cold air is played on the mouse from beneath the treadmill to keep it running. When mouse finally tires, number of turns of the treadmill may be read from a counter.



CARLING'S ENALE





Big Music Week Concert boom hits all-time peak in New York

This season the musical boom which has made New York City the center of the music world has been achieving gigantic proportions. The roster of distinguished foreign virtuosos who found refuge on the U.S. concert stage during the war has been so swollen by postwar importations and by the stream of new hopefuls from the U.S. hinterlands that even the well-tried musical veterans have had to wait their turn for places to perform. In a single week this winter (Jan. 5-12) musical audiences in Manhattan had an opportunity to hear six top-notch symphony orchestras, two opera companies,

five world-famous soloists, 10 ensembles and 25 assorted recitalists including 10 who were making their debuts in New York. The tuneful bedlam they produced was attended by some 100,000 listeners who make up the most critical audience in America and who paid more than \$300,000 for their to kets. The final verdict of this audience spells success or failure for virtually every musical career. It is the country's highest court of musical appeal, the gateway to fame and sometimes to fortune. On the following pages LIFE snows what happened during that week at the peak of the world's busiest musical season.



CAMBLEA WILLIAMS, 26, a Danville, Valchanffer i's direghter who twice won the Marian Anderson's Lolazship sings Bizet's Open The Heart at Town Hab. If evol Leb groun critic called her soptane verce, or e of the love jest, but others found her less brilliant in recatal than an opera,



GIUSEPPE DE LUCA, 70-year-old Italian baritone who sang with Caruso and Galli-Curci at the Met scored the season's biggest successes at Town Hall recitals (above). Critics agree he is better than most baritones half his age, said the "audience knew no bounds to its enthusiasm". (Times).



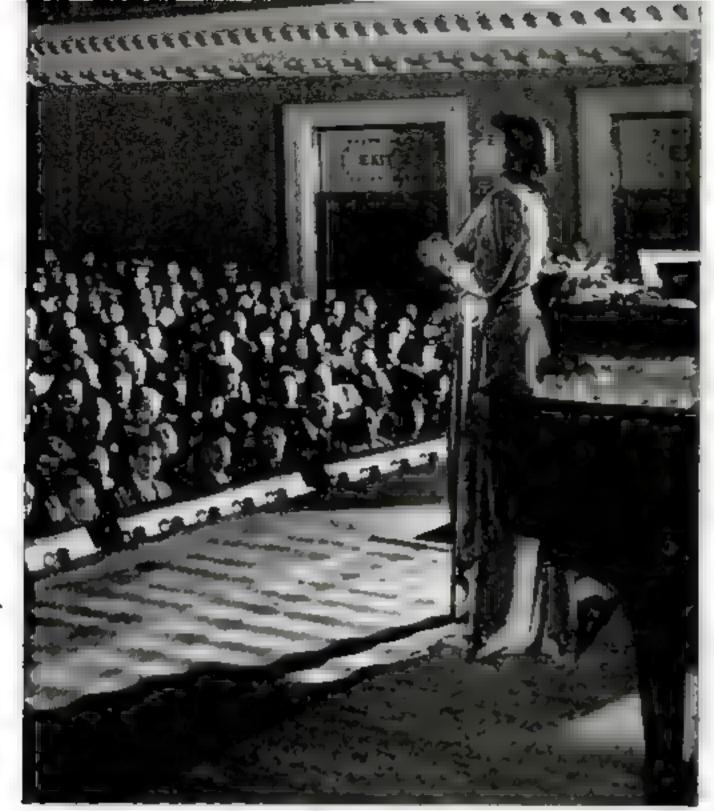
MARIAN ANDERSON, now in Let 10s, termer Pinla lelphia choir-singer where 2ct crafts regarded as the world signatest contralto its shown singing an aria at her 30th successive sell out concert in Carnegae Hall, which seats 2,786

Bigtime Top concert names perform

For artists of worldwide or nationwide fame, a New York recital means about as much as an apprarance at the Kentucky Derby means to a race for a Annually every one of Manhattan's big-name recitals takes price in our of two famers and to nun's Carnege Half, which stats 2.780 and the smaller but no less prestigious Town Half, which seats 1.500. The nameter of famors in islences who actually make money on a Carnege Half or Town Half recital can be counted on the fingers of two hands. They include people like Anderson, Kreisler, Menuhin,



JACQUES ABRAM, 28-year-old pianist from Lufkin, Texas, tackled two concertos in one night with National Orchestral Association under Leon Barzin. He "handled both with bruhance of the accomplished virtuoso" (Times).



persons. Citing her "magnificent artistry," the Post critic commented, "Her voice at its best . . . had a glow as resplendent as the sheen of her gown," which, he noted, was "apricot-colored velvet on silvery-changeable velvet."

Recitalists

to keep their prestige high

Horowitz, Rubinstein. Most of the rest break even or lose money cheerfully, appear in Manhattan merely for prestige, make their living on concert tours of smaller U.S. cities. Apart from the recitalists shown on these pages, Manhattan concertgoers last week had an enormous overflow of choices. Singing fans could hear a Viennese contralto, an English folk singer, a girl from Homestead, Pa. who sang blues. There were also seven pianists, two Russian cellists, three string quartets, four modern dance groups, one harpsichordist and a group of Hindu musicians.



FHEDRLL LACK, attractive 23-year-old daughter of a Houston, Texas autosupply dealer, gave her third Town Hall recital, impressed critics with her "substantial accomplishments" and her "unobtrusive rubato" (*Herald Tribune*).



EARIN BRANZELL. 55-year-old Swedish contralto who retired from Met in 1944, sings Scandinavian songs at Town Hall. The *Herald Tribune* liked her "thoroughly sumptions" voice but not her "sustained legato." The *Post* critic liked her high and low voice but not her middle voice.



ALBENERS TRIO gave a recital at Young Men's Hebrew Association on the outer fringes of Manhattan's concert circuit, where first-class music is presented at low prices for earnest authences. The Albeneri Trio has been praised as a "remarkably adjusted ensemble..." (Times).



OPERA'S NEWEST STAR, 33-year-old Italian Tenor Ferruccio Tagliavini, poses in New York near poster advertising his movie, whose title means "This Is How I Want to Live" Later making his Metropolitan debut in La Boheme, Tagliavini stopped the

opera cold with his first aria. The ecstatic crities called him the greatest Italian tenor since Gigli. He "is the real thing". ." (Times). His "voice is fresh. ... He does not gulp or gasp or gargle salt tears. To the eve he is plump but manly." (Herald Tribune).

Debuts

New hopefuls get a mixed reception

To Manhattan's musical public, debuts may be the occasion for anything from wide yawns to loud bravos. To the people who make them they are usually the most crucial moment of a lifetime. Attended by a corps of about 25 harried and scurrying New York music critics, who sit up half the night rendering scathing or kindly verdicts, they provide the spice of Manhattan's gargantuan musical banquet. Last week's debuts ranged from that of Marilyn Neeley (below), a diminutive 8-year-old California pianist who had to have blocks placed under the pedals of the piano so that she could reach them, to that of Janine Casiez (right), a French soprano whose aquamarine-gowned figure drew whistles from her Times Hall audience. So closely packed was the weekly concert schedule on which they appeared that piano tuners at Carnegie and Town Halls had barely time to retune pianos between recitals.

The sensation of the week among the debuts occurred at the Metropolitan Opera House, where a honey-voiced Italian tenor named Ferruccio Tagliavini (opposite page) sang in La Bohème. The most unportant debut by an Italian singer in 10 years, it convinced some operagoers that Italian opera might be destined for a healthy and exciting postwar revival.



MARSLYN NEELEY. 8, a member of Glendale, Calif. Brownie Troop No. 28, has given recitals three years. made a "strong impression" (Times) on audience, mostly tots.



VIOLET DE FIORE. 24, a soprano, whose father is a New York tailor, made debut in Steinway Hall. *Hemld Tribune* critic said she sang "with brightness and spirit."



JANINE CASIEZ. Parisian Soprano, made her debut in Times Hall. The critis's found her voice—thin and light." (Times), her saltry suiging more like that of a chanteuse.

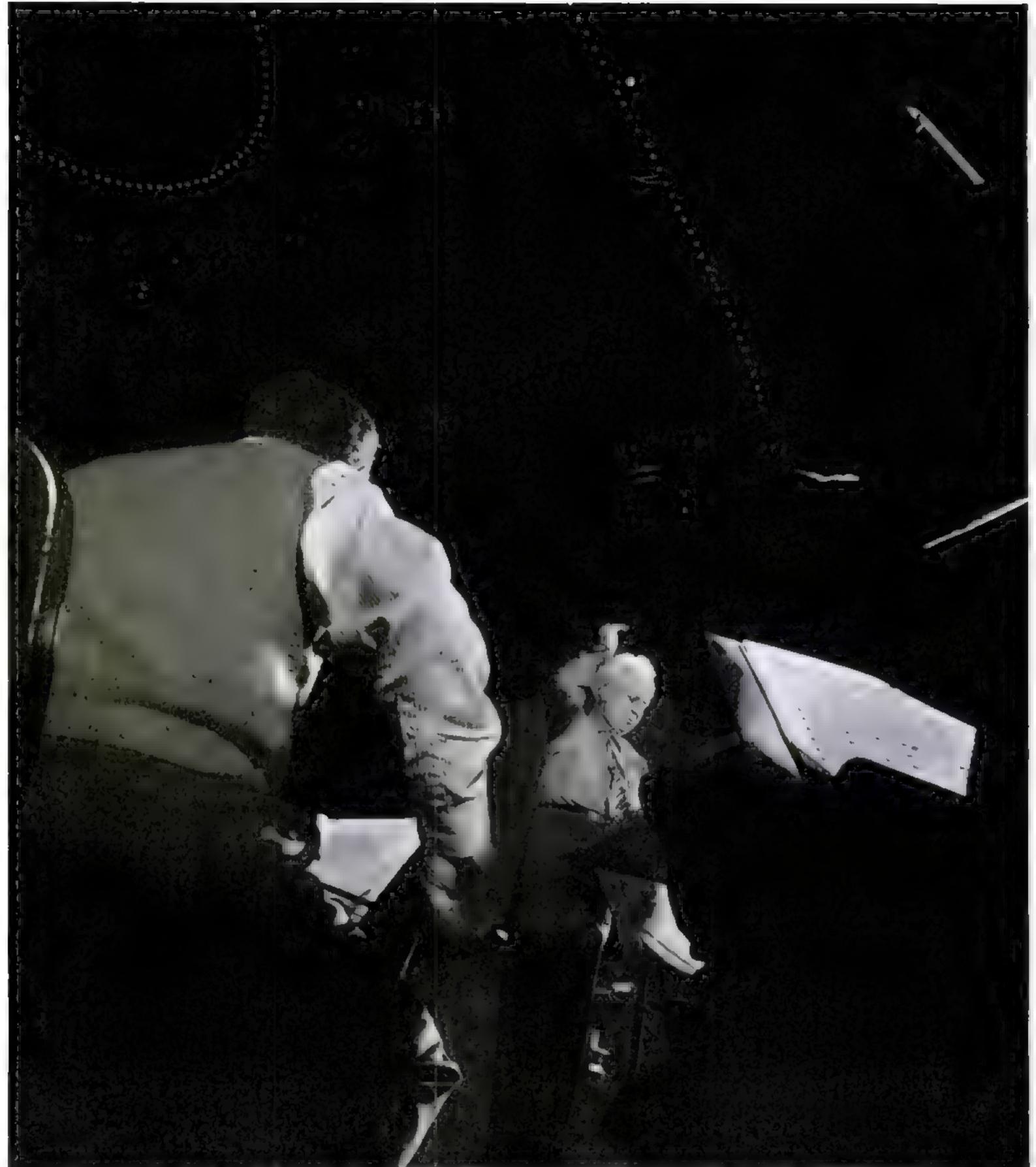


EMMANUELINA PIZZUTO is a 24-year-old pianist from Princeton Junction, N.J. Her playing at Times Hall was "crystal clear . . . technique brilliant" (Times).

than a recitalist. She received 20 bouquets. The handsomest debutante of the week, Mile. Casicz once won a water skiing championship in Juan-Les-Pins, France.



FERN HAMMERS, a Great Neck, N.Y. mezzo-soprano, bared a big voice "of color," but often was "a quarter tone off pitch" (Times), "half tone off" (Herald Tribune).



ALONE WITH ORCHESTRA IN DIMLY LIGHTED CARNEGIE HALL, LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI RAPTLY BEHEARSES SHIRTSLEEVED MUSICIANS

Orchestrus

They are top drawing cards

Aside from the performances at the Met, the biggest spectacles of the season are provided by the Boston Symphony, Philadelphia and New York Philharmonic orchestras. In one week all three were in Manhattan. As guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic, Leopold Stokowski (above), proved he could still get more opulent sounds out of an orchestra than any other conductor alive. As leader of the Philadelphians, George Szell (on opposite page with Concertmaster Alexander Hilsberg) provided a performance of Prokofieff's Fifth Symphony.





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The betrothalring of 1880 sees in David O. Selznick's Technicalor production "Doel in the Sun" is from the historical correction of rings by J. R. Wood & Sons, Inc.

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BELOVED BY BRIDES FOR ALMOST A CENTURY (1850-1947)



OUTSIDE A MIDWEST FACTORY DAVID FREDENTHAL DEPICTS SOME OF THE WORKERS DOS PASSOS TALKED TO

Where Do We Go from Here?

A great reporter visits the industrial heart of America and gets some answers—stubborn, confused but hopeful

by JOHN DOS PASSOS

John Dos Passos, famed novelist and reporter, recently visited the industrial Midwest for Life. His mission was to find out what people thought about the future, with special regard to labor. What he found on a tour of several cities he presents here as the composite picture of one industrial community.

Later afternoon of a winter day. You walk along brick sidewalks between patches of pockmarked snow through fog thick with soft coal smoke. The air smells of machineshops and coal gas. Soot falls gently through the twilight, drips in inky stain from icicles along the gutters, blackens the grime on closepacked frame dwelling houses, and settles in soft smudges on your face. At the end of every street you can see the spreading buildings of some plant or other, horizontal lines of windows, clusters of tall smooth stacks spewing spiralling formations of smoke. Often you cross railroad tracks, broad marshalling yards full of clanking freight cars. You are never out of earshot of the hoot and root-toot toot toot of the shunting engines.

"Sure," says the citizen who is showing you around the town. "Soft coal and pigiron . . . makes things kinda sooty . . . but I wouldn't want

to live any place else . . . maybe it's the people."

"Industrious?"

"They shake a leg... they like to see a man down at his office at eight.... Don't forget that in this kind of a Ruhr that stretches from the Lakes down across Ohio southward and straddles the mountains into New York and Pennsylvania more of everything you can think of is produced than in the whole rest of the world put together."

"The Ruhr hasn't worked out so well,"

The citizen stopped in his tracks. "Out here we're worried about all these problems . . . labor, strikes all that . . . but we ain't pessimistic. . . . Don't let anybody tell you we're pessimistic. I moved here from Jersey sixteen years ago . . . wouldn't live any place else. . . . It's the industrial heart of America. . . . That's what we are . . . that's why we like it."

LI don't seem so bad inside. The paint is clean. There are new furnishings and fresh window curtains. Sometimes the mister sits there in his

shirtsleeves in a new overstuffed chair reading the paper while he waits for his supper, or a woman with crisply curled hair wearing a flowered apron is laying the table. The children look well fed and have bright eyes and pink cheeks. When you reach Main Street and the shopping district the wide sidewalks are full of young people, young men in checked woollen shirts or leather jackets, young women in slacks with white or red or green peasant scarves over their hair. The crowd swirls round the doors of department stores and five-and-tens and candyshops. "I'd like to have some real money in my hand, like a hundred dollars," one girl is crying to another.

"These strikes are ruining business," a man is saying to his wife. . . .

"They ought to take the labor leaders out and"

"Oh no, just windowshopping."

"We've come this far," a voice rises out of a group tangled in an argument. "What I want to know is where do we go from here?"

WALKING around town, driving out to plants and suburban develop-ments, talking to the taxidriver, the labor organizer, the leading realtor, the up-and-coming young lawyer, the secretary of the development society, to the seedy character hunched up at the bar in the hotel cocktail lounge, to the young man in a checked suit who's just emptied ten bucks down the drain in a slot machine, to the lady who handles the props at the little theater, to the plain old steelworker on his way home to Sunday dinner, you gradually begin to get a notion of how this place came to be what it is. Back a hundred and fifty years ago it started with primeval woods and the first settlers floating down the Ohio in arks and keelboats and poling up into the leafy creeks and clearing the timber and plowing the black soil of the bottom lands and building cabins of logs and mud among the low hills of what was then called the Western Reserve. Painted frame houses took the place of the cabins; canals took the place of rutted trails. They began to mine coal and iron, and little manufacturies for making farm tools came into being in old barns and sheds along the creeks. The railroads linked East and West. A man perfected a mechanical reaper and got rich and built himself a tall brick house and a tall brick carriagehouse and stables overlooking the center of town. There had always been

a strong German and Swiss element in the region. Now some leading citizens got together to start a watch factory and brought in Swiss craftsmen. The town with its large population of artisans and mechanics grew and prospered. It was the market center for a fertile farming belt, and the home of a hundred small industries; brick making and ceramics, harness and leather goods, agricultural machinery and met-

"We hope we aren't heading...into a fight."

al gutters and flashing and canvas awnings and nails and cast
iron furniture and
forgings and dies and
tools.
The automobile

The automobile came and World War I and the immense growth of the steel industry. The watch factory closed down and the machinery was shipped to the Soviet Union. The steel industry expanded with

open hearth furnaces and blooming mills and rolling mills. With steel came Negroes from the South and a horde of immigrants from Europe—Greeks, Romanians, Syrians, Czechs, Hungarians, Italians, Swedes, Spaniards, Slovaks, Slovenes, Magyars, Poles. A local concern that manufactured bearings for carts and wagons turned to the manufacture of bearings for cars and grew into one of the great bearing

plants of the world.

The population changed. The town changed. From a tight little nineteenth century community where everybody knew how old man Smithers had worked nights out in his barn to perfect his bearing that had gone into mass production and made him a millionaire, and how that ingenious ne'erdowell Joe Jones who was so down and out the boys had to get him a job as janitor at the Knights of Pythias to take care of him invented a vacuum cleaner, or how old Hopkins out on the county road had lost his farm and ruined his family borrowing money to develop a hard steel bit for use in mining machinery, where every employer knew the men who worked for him and their wives' first names and the name of the latest baby, the town became a huddle of walled-off alien groups. The community split a dozen ways. People feel that they've lost control of their destiny.

Out at the bearing plant old man Smithers died, whom everybody had known and criticized when he built himself a million dollar stone mansion on the hill overlooking the athletic field—to this day people tell you Mrs. Smithers never liked it and neither did the boys who wanted to grow up just like other folks—and instead of one of the Smithers boys a man named Upthegrove became president and ran the concern which by now had branches in foreign countries, cartelarrangements with British and German manufacturers and all the trimmings of international monopoly.

Upthegrove had gotten himself a job in the plant when he was mustered out of the army after World War I; in the tool crib, people tell you. . . . "He's a bright cookie all right. . . . He rose up through the entire business, made himself indispensable to the old man and now he's in the old man's shoes." He continually improved the product and the manufacturing process, everything except labor relations. "In the old days old man Smithers knew everybody who worked for him and everybody knew him but this guy stalks through the plant straight as a ramrod looking like a Prussian general, never

speaks to an employe except maybe to haw! out a foreman because the sweepers aren't keeping up with the litter on the floor of the shop. A regular Nazi..."

To stand up against the great concerns with offices in New York and Pittsburgh that have organized the units of production, the workers in the plants have had to let their local unions be swallowed by the great organizations of labor.

The steelworkers

WELL here we are... You organize to raise wages and wages go up and prices go up and wages go up and so on," you ask the big man behind the desk in the bare busy C.I.O. office that's above a furniture store on Main Street. "Where do we go from here?"

He's the regional director of the organization. He has ruffled sandy hair and gray eyes and a rollicking manner, half bullying, half kid-

ding.

"Just a minute please." He lifts a square hand and goes on talking into the phone. One of his staff members has been picked up in a neighboring town for going through a red light and placed in jail until he can raise bond.

He's laughing as he talks: "Now you just stay right there George until I call back.... Don't you think of stirring away from that spot. I've got our lawyer on the job. Hungry are you? Well they'll have to feed you. Now don't you

"I kiss no man's boot.
I work for myself."

go away from there."
Everybody in the office is laughing when he puts the receiver down.

"They've got him locked up. That'll learn him not to tear his tickets up. When they get into trouble that's when we hear from them.... That'll learn him.... Where do we go from here you are asking?" He teans back in his chair and stretches. "Where do

we go from here? That's the sixty-four dollar question...."

In the first place, he starts to explain, people in this country have got to get it out of their heads that the working man is so hellishly well off. With overtime during the war a man could get by and live a little better than he used to. Yes during that period the steelworker got used to a slightly higher standard of living. But that had been over for a year, and now, making an average of fortyfive dollars a week with the cost of living what it was, men with families were spending their savings for groceries and rent. ... No their war bonds were cashed in some time back. . . . New cars? The men that had orders in were canceling them. . . . Homes? Maybe a third, no, less than that, say 20% of steelworkers owned their homes. Some of the veterans who'd bought dumps at outrageous prices were going to be stuck with them. . . . Sure he admitted that some of the guys had blown their money in foolishly. . . . In steel particularly there was the kind of a man who knew nothing but doing one operation on a machine. No he wasn't a machinist because if something went wrong he just stood there and waited for a repairman to come and fix it. . . . Well he was just the same outside as he was in the shop. All you could get him to think of was booze and women or ballgames and craps. You couldn't get him interested in the union or in buying his home or in any damn thing. Of course we weren't to get him wrong; they weren't all like that, not by a long shot. . . . Those guys were casualties of specialization. The union wanted them to stand up on their hind legs and act like citizens. "The place to see the real steelworker who's lived all over is in the grievance committee. . . . Johnny take him over to see the boys at your local after their meeting this afternoon."

They call this local the All Nations Local because so many nationalities are represented. It is a brick building that was once a store that fronts on railroad tracks and the great light gray bulk of the mills. The grievance committee meets in the back room. The president, a freshfaced beefy young man out of the open hearth, sits at a desk. A well dressed youth with a thin jaw and large eyes astride a large sharply cut nose sits on the desk in front of him swinging his legs in their gray trousers creased to a razor edge. He's from the staff. Round them are grouped a number of heavyset fellows with an intent expression on their faces. They look like serious family men. In the corner a big sallow man in a leather jacket leans his head against the wall and occasionally lets the heavy eyelids drop over his eyes.

"Where do we go from here?" asks a grizzled Irishman with glasses. "What we hope is that we aren't heading straight into a fight. Prices keep rising. When we reopen our contract we're going to have to have more."

"Some people claim increased production is going to take care of that and bring a lower cost of living," one man hazards timidly.

The Irishman shouts him down, "That's all propaganda. The newspapers fill us up with that stuff."

The big sallow man in the corner who's been asleep opens his eyes and yawns. "Supply and demand," he starts to say.

"Propaganda!" shouts the Irishman.
"Well, that's what they used to tell us," the

big man trails off doubtfully.

"We mustn't forget that industrial profits have been bigger in 1946 than in any year in history," stays the staff man leaning forward from the desk. "Here's the situation in a nutshell. Last winter we had a hell of a struggle to get a raise of 18½ cents. It had taken us two years and four months to get it. That cost the industry somewhere around a hundred and eleven million dollars. To make up for that they got a raise of five dollars a ton that brought them in

"Wages should be tred to the cost of living."

something like three hundred million and that's how it goes all down the line."

"You won't find that in the local paper here nor over the local radio station. . . They're closed to us." A tall grayhaired man with straight black eyebrows speaks in bitter tones. He sits still and straight in his chair, his long hands with their well kept square

nails resting on his knees. ... "Now in this here grievance committee ... "he goes on in his resonant voice, "we are pitting our brains against the best lawyers the company can hire in Columbus or Cleveland or elsewhere. ... We don't have no lawyers to present our case, can't afford 'em. That makes the lawyers sore, they don't like to have a layman pleadin' his own case. We don't have an education either, we're just



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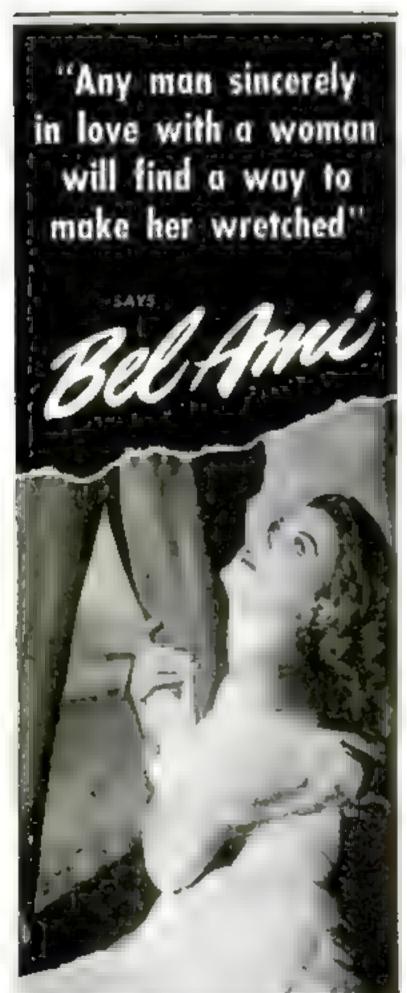
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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

workin' guys out of the shop. It's a tough job," he says, knitting his black brows. "They've got all the money and the brains on their side and all we've got is the union."

"You ask where do we go from here?" says the Irishman. "We don't want it unless it's forced on us but if they try to cut real wages or to break up the union we're headed into a fight."

TO, no. We don't wanna strike," said the Spaniard who worked at the bearing plant. He was a wizened man in blue dungarees with brown eyes and a sharp pointed nose. He talked in a low explanatory tone. It was quiet in the basement of the Spanish club. A few men stood silent along the bar. A pimply youth with the highschool letter on his sweater was kidding a girl in whispers over the phone against the wall. "Got stewed last night don't you wish you'd been along. . . . " After she'd brought the beers the blackhaired busty woman with deep crowsfeet at the corners of her eyes

stood listening to him with her eyebrows drawn together into an expression of tolerant scorn.

"Look here, mister," the Spaniard was counting on his fingers. "After deductions we bring home from thirtytwo to thirtyfive dollars. I pay rent thirtyfive dollars a month. I have my wife and boy. We got light, heat, water, groceries, clothes to pay. . . . If we work less than forty hours we have to go into the sock . . . you understand, the savings."

He'd been in this country since 1921. His brother had come over first from Asturias in the north of Spain and then he'd come over . . . "for the liberty, to escape

the military service of course," he said. Yes, he was a little better off than in the bad times but not better off than in the '20s; then your money bought more. He was an American citizen. He was settled in this town for life. His boy was in the technical high taking a machinist's course. . . . At home he and his wife spoke Spanish but his boy didn't speak no more Spanish than a Polack.... The younger generation they weren't interested in the old countries; they married all kinds girls, all mixed up, growing up as a new generation of Americans. . . .

"Bah, all generations of men are the same," cried a tiny dusty driedup old man who had been busily putting down one bottle of beer after another and whispering all the while in torrential Spanish into the ear of a round and silent crony whose flopping hatbrim covered his face. The old man, so short his chin hardly reached to the bar, addressed his remark to the company in general and turned up a lined and pointed face, dry and brown and brittle as a twist of tobacco with a long pointed nose that gave him a mosquito

look. "All men the same," he reiterated

in a threatening tone.

A stout fellow down the bar took him to task. He wasn't in no generation with no geedeed yellow Jap or Chinee, he began to mutter. The little man exploded and began to advance splay-footed strutting like a bantam toward the challenger.

"I am a native of Avilés and an independent man," he screeched waving his beer glass unsteadily in one hand and tapping himself on the chest with the fingers of the other.

Somebody stepped between him and his opponent, who was four times his size, and asked him soothingly where he worked.

"I kiss no man's boot. I work for myself, Antonio Alvarez, natural of Avilés, decorator at your service." He moved his head forward and brought up his hand as if he were about to remove his hat in a courtly bow. "You can go home and say you have met an independent man." He swept the room with a prosecuting attorney's gesture. "These people are . . . fodder . . . cannon fodder, factory fodder, trade union fodder... fodder." He placed his grimy forefinger against his long insect nose and pivoted back toward the bar until his face was hidden under his crony's hatbrim again.

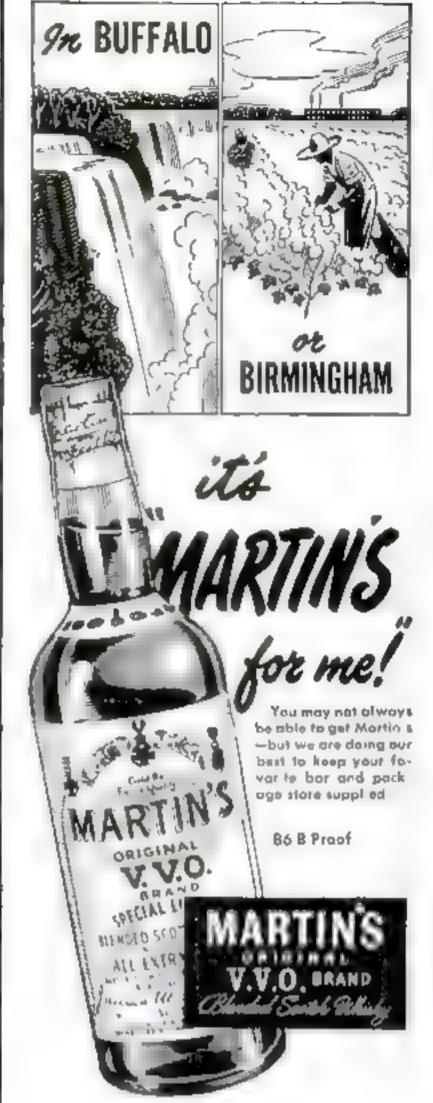
"The answer . . . pro-

duce, share the profits."

"Things from Spain," said the steelworker shaking his head and smiling. He led the way into a reading room in back with leather chairs grouped around a table full of magazines. He sat down and lit a cigarette. "There are two things we think about in



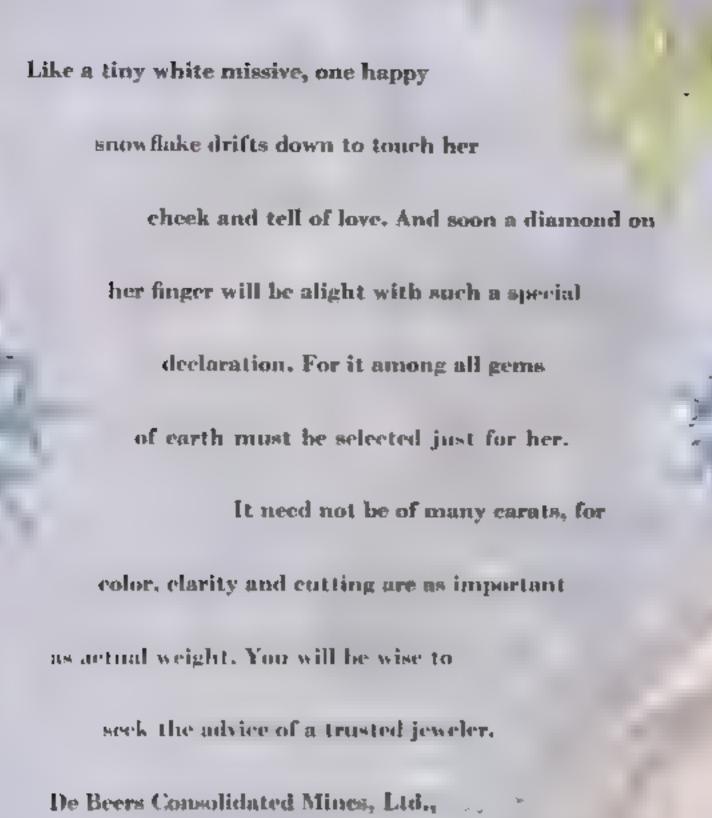
"A . . . recession might get things into line."





THE SKIN SOFTENER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 101



and Associated Companies.









WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

the shop to make things better for the steelworker.... Suppose you had wages go up and down some way with the price of living?" He paused. "Then suppose you had a guaranteed annual wage, a man could plan.... This way he can't know from one day to the other when he is going to be laid off.... With an annual wage I think we would produce Negro and white. That guy who runs it is a tough hombre. I've had to learn to harden up and be as tough as he is. I'm learning. If business gets tough fighting for profits, we've got to get tough fighting for wages."

The people in between

THE grillroom of the hotel was crowded. Three men were sitting in the back of a booth rattling the eating irons against their empty plates. "We've got to be reasonable," said one of them. "It's just like us here right now. We could start storming around and say the management was neglecting us or we can wait quietly till the waitress comes. Labor has got to stand up for its rights

but it's got to be reasonable too."

"My, I used to be fierce in the old days," said a sandy-haired man who was business agent of a truckdrivers' union. He had a disarming way of laughing while he talked. "When I was a young feller I used to be fierce, I worked in the mines. The first boys I ever organized were the miners.... I was so fierce I'd pour out my water—that meant quit work—if anybody looked cross-eyed, or if the cars were not even at the tipple. I tell you I was fierce.... I've grown up since then and learned better sense.... I've gone into other lines of business. I'm a farmer right now. I've got 80 acres, 60 of them under cultivation. We've got pretty good land out here.... Sure I do the work myself.... No, we can't go on this way striking over every damn little thing.... I think we've got to have compulsory arbitration. Maybe special labor courts of some kind.... Wages ought to be hitched to the cost of living. We've all got to be reasonable."

A sprucely dressed olive-skinned man with black eyes and eyebrows who were a white carnation in his buttonhole walked past the table. "Hello Frank," said the business agent. "Do you suppose we could get something to eat? How's tricks? . . . This is the man who owns and runs this hotel." He introduced him to his

friends.

"Crowded today," the hotel owner said apologetically, "but it's not like wartime. . . . I can feel the dropping off in the food and beverages." As he stood by the table smiling down at us his eyes were traveling round the room checking on tables, waitresses, the look of the customers' faces. "A year ago we served a whole extra meal in the evening. I used to call it the swing shift and my how they put away the beverages. . . . Now it's dropping off. . . .

Don't worry boys, I'll get you served right away."

"He's a great guy," said the business agent when the hotel owner had moved on sliding his way between the crowded tables. "He always takes care of us.... One of the most popular and successful men in town. He started in as a waiter in a little hash joint on this very location. He's built this hotel and made a good thing of it and now he's buying another hotel across the street. He's always at it, he carns every cent he makes. We like to have people like that make good around here. ... But as I was saying it'll take legislation to get us out of this mess, legislation and some good horse sense on the part of both management and labor. . . .

We've all got to be reasonable."

Up in the club at the top of the tall bank building, businessmen -young men, old men, bald men, gray men-are seated eating whitefish and beefsteak at a round table. The stately whitehaired man with a red face and a flashing Celtic eye who manufactures bricks is talking: "Well, I've been in the business since I took over the ruins in 1904. I've been brought up with the men who work for me and I've known them and their wives and their children and their grandchildren. Many of them are Irish in my business. We've always been Pat and Mike together and we've more or less shared the good times and the bad but now the union has built up a wall between us. . . . They were encouraged to do it from Washington for political ends. . . . It's heavy work in a brickyard. I know it. I've done it. You don't find many men with stomach for it any more not even among the Irish. Men don't get through the work they used to in a day. . . . Here's an example from the building trades. We used to call 1,100 bricks an honest day's work. Now you're lucky if you find an athletic genius who'll lay 350."

"Productivity . . . going down." The word goes around the table with some head shaking. "The lowered productivity of labor." Men

bend their faces over their plates.

"No, I don't agree with you," says a small man whose bald fore-





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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

head rises in a dome above the steel bar of his glasses that cuts across his nose at the level of his eyebrows. "At least that's not our experience. . . . Productivity with us is up to 129%." He speaks quietly while a tiny smile plays round the corners of his mouth.

"How come?"

"Incentive pay."

"They called it piecework when I was a boy," shouts the rawboned realtor across the table.

"The gripe on incentive pay has always been that when productivity rose the management would change the rate on the employe to keep him from making too much money."

"Sounds reasonable," says a lawyer flatly.

"The idea was that if a man made too much money he'd go home and not do any more that week," the small man hurriedly explains. "But labor had a legitimate gripe. Now we have agreed not to change the rate unless there's some change in operative methods. . . . Some of 'em cut their own production by slowing up after they've made fourteen dollars say or whatever they think is enough for the day, but we go on the principle that the more money they make the better we like it. . . . It's paying off."

"That's certainly not the tale I hear told," says the realtor

laughing.

"In the building trades," says the brick manufacturer, "there's one encouraging symptom. Everybody tells us the boys coming home from the services don't want to do heavy work. Well that may not be so true. In this state there are fifteen hundred opportunities for boys to learn bricklaying as apprentices, etc., and there are five thousand applications."

"Nobody in this world ever worked unless he had to," says the realtor. "You can call me a black reactionary if you want to but the only thing that's going to remedy this situation is a backlog of

about six or eight million unemployed."

The men around the table stiffen. They are not ready to accept this. "That's going a little too far," someone whispers. There follows a hearty Amen. "Now a little recession," someone speaks up. All round the table heads nod. "A little recession might bring both wages and prices into line."

"It wouldn't be a bad thing," says the lawyer thoughtfully. "With the demand for goods and services, even leaving the rest of the world out of it, we have in this country: every railroad car to be replaced, every road to be rebuilt; truck highways; housing. . . . A slight recession might get things into line for a long, gradual building up of prosperity.

"Wages have got to be stabilized first. There's going to be no

prosperity on high prices."

"We could get along with the unions all right if they were local," says a heavy-set man with knitted brows. "It's the international that's got to go, the international and the closed shop. . . . Look here, this plant in town, you know the one I mean, has been struck by a C.I.O. union. It's one of the radical Communist unions. Now the men and women who work in that plant are a hell of a lot more conservative than you and I are. The union won the election by 69 votes at a time when the plant was full of out-of-town personnel for some very important war work they were doing. By only 69 votes. . . . Now there are fifteen hundred and fifty workers in the plant and less than a hundred took the trouble to vote in the last election. . . . These unions were forced on the people for political purposes by the New Deal administration. The time has come to get rid of them.... The situation was produced by legislation and legislation has got to cure it."

The lawyer gets up from his chair. "Well, I'm just a lawyer struggling along in a small town. I've been engaged in an arbitration between an employer and a union . . . and I've got to leave this pleasant company and go back to it. All I do is tell both sides one thing: 'Keep your sense of humor, don't see bogies under the bed.' I tell it to the employer and I tell it to the union man. The other feller hasn't got horns and a tail. You try to imagine he has

but he hasn't."

"We think we've got the answer"

TEXT morning the secretary of the Chamber of Commerce took the visitor to the plant of one of the men who'd been at the dinner. They found him laying tile in the wall of a new partition in one corner of the shop. He was a gray hollow-cheeked man with skimpy black hair plastered down on a bald head. He looked up with an apologetic smile when he saw he had visitors as if he feared he'd been caught doing something he shouldn't. "We need a new partition here. I was just building it," he said. He tapped his



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WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE? CONTINUED

trowel on the edge of the box he had his mortar in to clean it off and laid it down carefully. He led the way into the office and sat down at a desk under an enlarged photograph of a man who looked very much like him.

"That was my father," he said in a modest tone. "We lived in a small town where there was a mine and he got to worrying about a safety door. He was an inventive kind of man. Our main product was an invention of his but recently we've had to shut down for some time while we redesigned it to fit different conditions . . , that caused financial complications but now after a good year it looks as if we might make a go of it."

"We were interested in your labor relations," said the man

from the Chamber of Commerce,

The manufacturer looked up sharply. He stammered a little as he spoke. "Well I hope you won't mention this shop in any way so that we can be identified. I wouldn't want to get any of the unions after us. . . . A man works in this shop because he likes it. . . . If he doesn't he moves along. I've had five men come in here in the last couple of years to try to organize the men but so many of my men come to work here for a quiet life to get away from unions and the wrangling and the dues and the loss of pay through strikes that I've always been upped off. I pay slightly less than the current wage scale but it's more than made up for by our insurance scheme and by the bonus each Christmas. We take about half the profits and divide it up among the employes. We don't worry much about productivity around here because one man doesn't like to see another man loafing around and cutting into profits because he knows he's going to get a slice of them. . . . Well we're a small plant. . . . We're perfectly happy here and we'll get along all right if they'll only leave us alone. You understand we just want to keep out of sight. If another of those big industrial wars starts up we don't want to get caught in the middle."

"What about the rising cost of living?"

"We think we've got the answer: produce more and share the profits."

Labor and the public

THE train is late. The early winter dusk has closed down on the little settlement. A gusty raw wind driving sleet and coal dust in their faces has driven the three or four men waiting for the train to Pittsburgh into the warm freight office. There an endless argument has been going on between a redfaced man in freshly washed dungarees, with silky white hair and a cropped mustache, who seems to be the freight agent, and three grimy men with lanterns in their hands who've come in off the tracks.

The freight agent has something on his chest. "Human nature being what it is," he keeps starting out in the manner of a pitcher winding up for a cherished curve. Each time somebody interrupts.

"Wait a minute," the ticket agent with the green eyeshade pushed back on his forehead shouts into the din from his seat at the littered table in the adjoining room. "Has it ever occurred to you that all these strikes and slowdowns might be a blessin' in disguise?"

"Funny kind of a blessin'," mutters one man. The others listen

with their mouths open.

"Wait a minute," insists the ticket agent. "Has it ever occurred to you that all the difficulties curtailm production are spreadin' the backlog of consumer demand out into the future." Nobody answers. People have sunk into astonished silence.

"So that we won't get a great boom followed by saturation and

depression," the ticket agent continues triumphantly.

While the men with lanterns and the passengers stand silent, ruminating on this novel idea, the freight agent gets a chance to

let fly with his speech he's been winding up for.

"Human nature being what it is," he says in the tone of a high school orator registering scorn, "you know just as well as I do that when you get a man down you like to kick him in the face. . . . Years ago management had labor down and now labor has the country down and they are kicking us in the face. . . ."

"And when did you cease to be a laborin' man?" the ticket agent

bellows from his seat.

The freight agent has his answer ready. "Eight hours a day, I'm a laboring man... the other sixteen I'm a citizen of this commu-

nity.... Now, human nature being what it is ... "

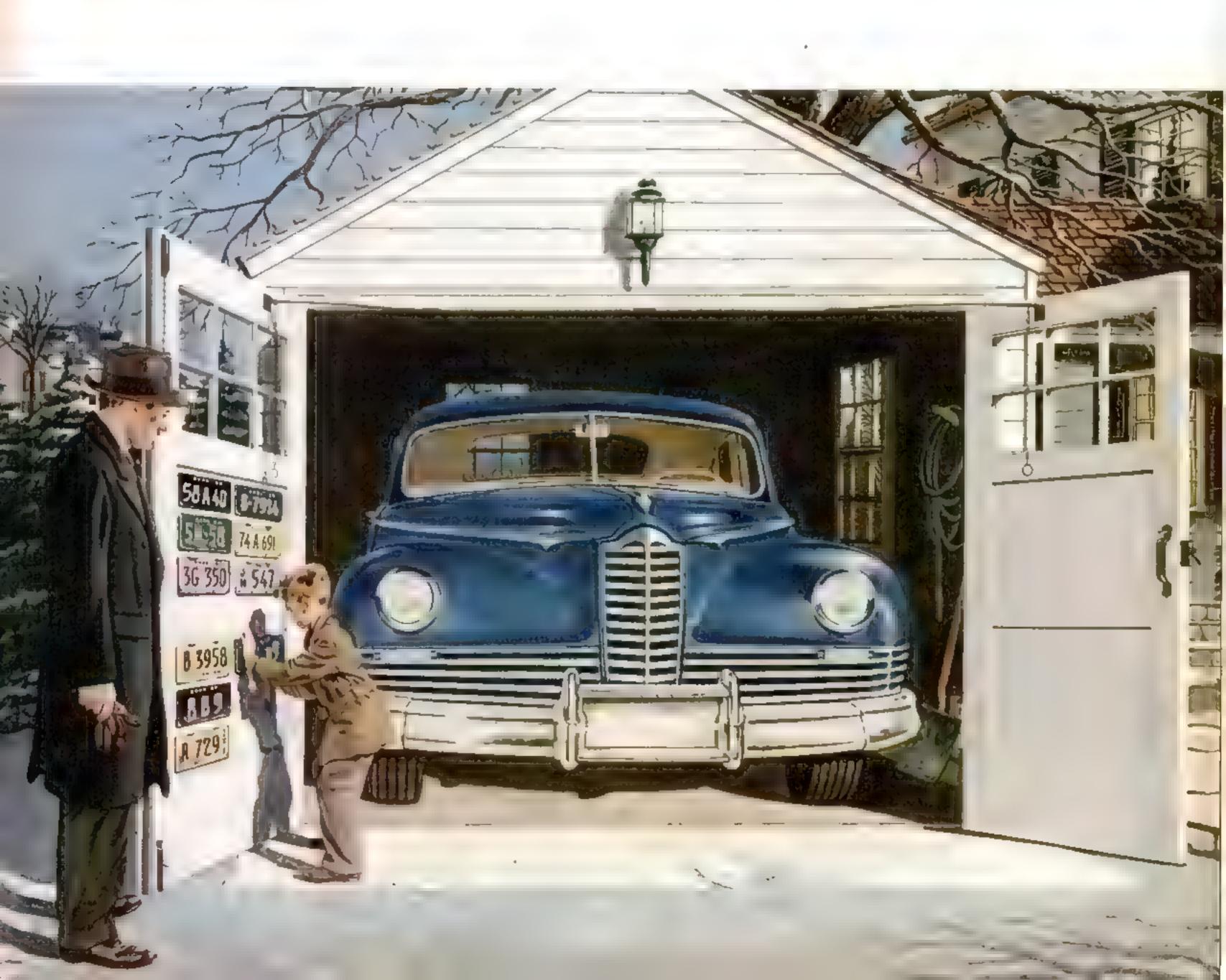
The crossing bell begins to clang. A locomotive whistles down the tracks. The passengers slide out the door. As they climb on the car they can see through the window the freight agent tapping a heavy forefinger into the palm of one hand as he continues his oration.



Ask the man who owns one

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Life Goes Skiing in Vermont

College and high-school skiers gather at Pico Peak for a weekend of strenuous exercise and quiet evenings

Every weekend all winter long, boys and girls from nearby schools and colleges go to Pico Peak near Rutland, Vt. to ski. Pico Peak is a typical New England ski center with plenty of well-packed snow, open slopes, wooded trails and a fine ski lift running 2,660 feet up the side of the mountain.

On Saturday mornings bunches of young skiers collect impatiently at the bottom of the lift, waiting for it to open at 10 o'clock. They spend the whole day riding up and zipping down the slopes, practicing one maneuver after another. From time to time they unclamp their skis, stand their poles in

the snow and go into a nearby lunchroom where they eat hot dogs, listen briefly to the juke box. At night they change their clothes and sit close to big open fires, singing and playing games. Finally on Sunday evenings, tired and with faces stinging from the wind, they pack up to go back to classes.

GOING UP THE LIFT, Andrea Mead and Porter Noble lean against T.-haped bar. Lift pulls skiers to top of the slope in less than five minutes, costs them \$3.50 for the day.

Thing in Vermont continued



SKIERS RELAX in the sun outside the chaletike Troll Top ski hut. Leaving their skis in front, they tramp in and out all day long for hot dogs, hamburgers, cake and milk.



AT BOTTOM OF HILL skiers turn to slow down. Sunset Schuse, a famous two-mile: run which many skiers regard as prettiest in New England, starts at the top of Pico Peak.



TROLL TOP hut is within 25 feet of beginning of lift. It accommodates 10 people in double-decker bunks. Weekenders pay \$5 a day for lodging and simple cafeteria meals.



AFTER DAY OF SKIING boys and girls from Vassar, Dartmouth and Rutland High School collect logs, build a fire and toast themselves inside ski hut. Sometimes they

sing school songs. For evening the girls like to wear high socks and short skirts. Boys keep on ski trousers and foud shirts worn during day, replace ski boots with moccasins



BLOWBALL GAME is played Saturday nights by group at Long Trail Lodge, a 10-minute walk from Pico lift. Object of game is to blow ping pong ball off enemy sinde of

table. Kuls also like to perform stunts that test balance and coordination. They seldom smoke or drink as they try to build up lung power for their hard work out on the slopes.

Skiing in Vermont CONTINUED





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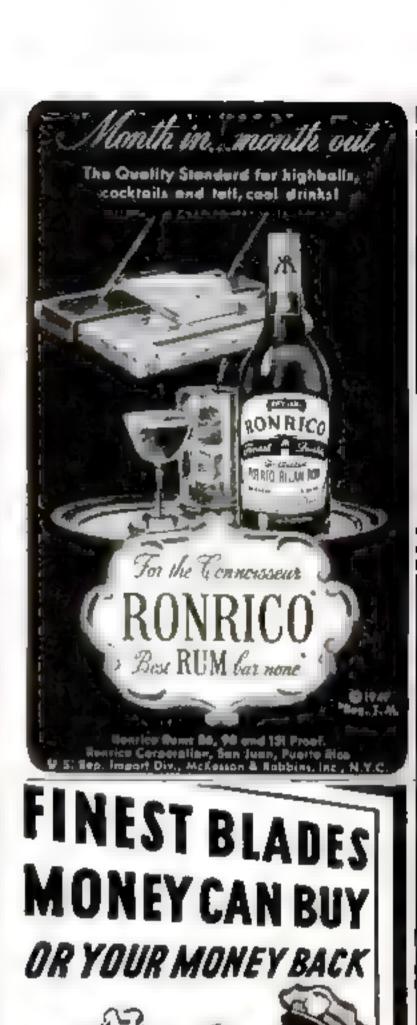


IN SLEEPING BAGS which they have spread on the floor and on a wooden bench, Pat Wing and Susanne Davis show how hardy skiers spend the night.



CHEAPEST SKIING WEEKEND is devised by Bill Hafey of Springfield, Mass., who installs sleeping bag in his coupe, cooks meals on an alcohol stove.







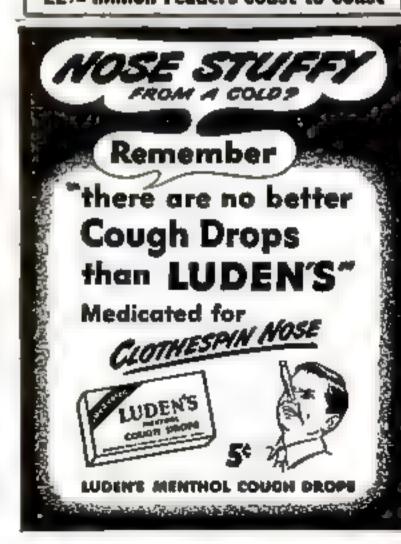
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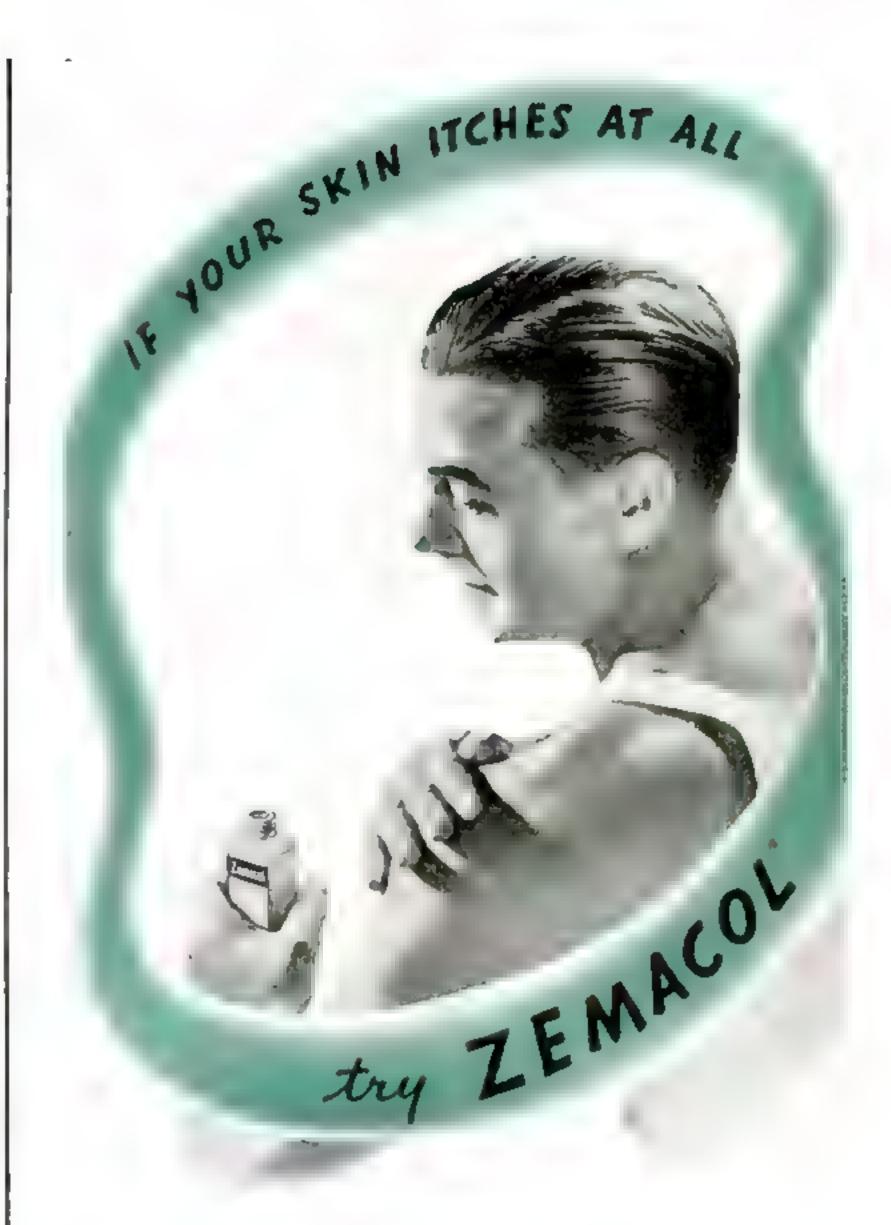
U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE



Thing in Vermont CONTINUED



NEW SKI GOGGLES are modeled by young Rutland girls. Top left: the nost becoming style has white felt rims and side vents to prevent steaming. It pught: the most popular model is a windshield that flips up to form a visor. Others are (center left) large beach-type sunglasses, (right) a modified visor. (tettom left) rubber-rimmed glasses like those which are worn by ski-troopers and underwater swimmers, (right) plastic fitted shield for best all round visibility

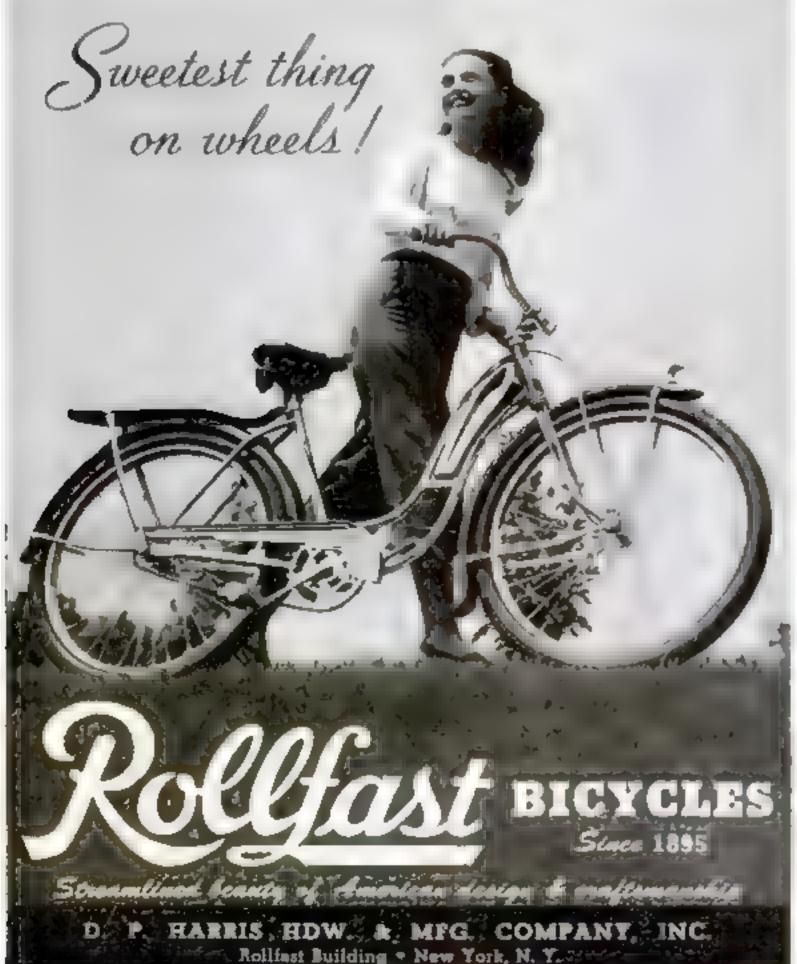


Scratching an itching, burning skin often leads to more itching, more scratching—and possible infection. Don't scratch—use ZEMACOLI

ZEMACOL is good medicine for bad skin. Gives quick relief—covers affected areas with an invisible protective film of soothing medication.









N 1934 THE COUNTESS WAS ATTRACTIVE EVEN IN HER SACKLIKE ROS

MYSTERIOUS COUNTESS

Eight cryptic words, scrawled on the back of a Paris subway ticket by a dying man, led last month to the arrest of one of the most fabled beauties of the Middle East. The words—"Candy which Marga gave me had strange taste"—were written in November 1945 by 26-year-old Raymond Clerisse. The beauty, 51-year-old Countess Marga d'Andurain, was arrested for poisoning Raymond, her nephew.

This was just another episode in the life of Countess d'Andurain, whose mysterious career has included more loves, murders and hairbreadth escapes than the plot of a grade-B movie. When the police arrested her, she was a slender, dark-eyed average-appearing woman who seemed little the worse for her experiences. Her looks were faintly reminiscent of the beauty which had given her the title of Queen of the Desert. Newspapers called her "a character out of Arsenic and Old Lace," because "wherever Marga went, death struck almost immediately." Her hectic story started in provincial Bayonne where she was born and where she married wealthy Count Pierre d'Andurain, Strong-willed and romantic, Marga persuaded her mild, meek husband to settle in Palmyra, Syria. There she soon turned his Queen Zenobia Hotel into a nest of intrigue by flirting with local sheiks and colonial officials. By 1932 she became so enamored of the Moslem world that



LEAVING TRAIN FOR PARIS JAIL SHE HID FACE, WORE EXTRA CLOTHES

Fabulous life and loves of Marga d'Andurain make desert version of "Arsenic and Old Lace"

she claimed conversion to Islam, divorced her husband, married a Bedouin tribesman and started a pilgrimage to Mecca. But between Jidda and Mecca she was kidnaped by her new husband's tribe, which was angered at his marriage to an infidel. Then, during their captivity in the mountains, her husband was poisoned. The countess was found guilty by a tribal court and sentenced to be stoned to death. The French interceded with King Ibn Saud, however, and she was freed.

Back in Palmyra she remarried Count Pierre, who a few weeks later was stabbed to death in the Zenobia Hotel. Authorities investigated but could prove nothing. Shortly before the war she went back to France and after the German occupation moved to an apartment in Paris where her nephew Raymond was a frequent visitor. Just as he was leaving the apartment one day she playfully popped a piece of candy into his mouth. By the time he got home violent cramps seized him and his agonized last words started the police investigation. When they arrested her in Nice, she had rented a deserted house and was decorating it with mementos of her career.

Last month the countess, swathed in ancient furs, wearing long woolen drawers and hiding her face (above), was hustled off to a Paris jail protesting innocence. So far no desert sheik has appeared to save her.

"A very good evening to you"

Honored guest for the evening



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keep brushless with Barbasol

stay smooth longer. If you're getting on to 40 or more ... mister, Barbasol's for you! Smooth, clean Barbasol shaves (no pull, no pain, no sting) take years off a man's looks, and minutes off his shaving time; especially if he uses Barbasol Blades. That's the combination for

perfect shaves! Barbasol helps keep your skin in good condition, too... won't nonten or dry skin. The soothing, beneficial ingredients in Barbasol that tame stiff stubble, also save tender skins. You practically get "a facial for nothing" with every Barbasol shave. Try it!



Mysterious Countess continued



THE COUNTESS' HUSBAND, Count Pierre d'Andurain, wealthy Basque landowner, was overshadowed by wife's lust for money, power and intrigue. His body, with 19 knife wounds, was found on steps of Queen Zenobia Hotel in 1936. A manservant was murdered with him. Countess left Syria soon after-



THE COUNTESS' SHEIK, Emir Fawaz el-Shaalan, showered tribal wealth on the countess when she held sway in Palmyra. Head of the big Ruwalz tribe, he annually collects \$1,000,000 through taxation. The sheik was only one of procession of tribesmen, which reportedly included King Ibn Saud.



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LUCKY STRIKE Means Fine Tobacco

